

*Cambridish Society*  
1762

A

Plain and Easy Road

TO THE

LAND of BLISS,

A

T U R N P I K E

Set up by

Mr. Orator ——— ;

On which a Man may travel more Miles in  
*one Day*, than on any other Highway in  
*Forty Years*.

With a DEDICATION, such as never was,  
or will be, in Vogue.

*Honi soit qui Mal y pense.*

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L O N D O N:

Printed for *W. Nicoll*, in *St Paul's Church Yard*,  
and *W. Tefseyman*, in *York*. 1762.

MAIN and EASY ROAD  
TO THE  
LAND OF BLISS

T U R I K E



Mr. O'Connell

On which a Man may travel more Miles in  
one Day, than on any other Highway in  
Ireland.

With a Description, such as never was,  
or will be, in any other.

London and Easy Road.

L O N D O N

Printed for Mr. Wall in St Pauls Church Yard,  
and W. P. G. in 1782.

M



DEDICATION.

TO all Men of Honour—*properly* so called.

To his sacred Majesty GEORGE,  
and his royal Consort CHARLOTTE,  
whom, in my heart and soul, I be-  
lieve to be as good folks as ever broke  
bread.

To all Min—rs of S—te, who  
make their own private interest stoop  
to the public good; who turn a deaf  
ear to the artful insinuations and lu-  
crative overtures of the public or pri-  
vate enemies of their King and Coun-  
try.

#### iv DEDICATION.

try.—To all D——s and other N——y, who—(in imitation of the heroes of old)—endeavour to raise their reputation by virtuous actions alone;—who are cautious of making promises; and (when made) are as careful to perform them;—who can consider that if they (many of them) have done nothing towards gaining a title, so have they no right to contribute any thing towards bringing it into contempt.—To all Members of Par——t, who can persuade themselves to vote for or against a minister—not because he is a minister—but because he is a good or bad one, or because what he at *present* proposes is *good* or *bad*;—this being the only criterion of honesty in any voter in par——t.

To

## DEDICATION. v

To all Officers in the State, whose conscientious discharge of their duty runs more in their heads than looking after perquisites, &c.—To all Military Men, who have a fellow-feeling for their soldiers, and who fear their enemies *little*, but their great creator *much*.—To all Governors of Garrisons, Castles, and Forts, who can find in their hearts (by their attendance) to give *value receiv'd* for their salaries.—To all Ad—ls, and Cap—ns, &c. of Men of War, who think no hazard *too great* to vindicate the honour of their King and Country;—no reason *sufficient* (when opportunity offers in war-time) for not drubbing or breaking the bones of either *Frenchmen* or *Spaniards*.—To all Men of the Law, who can *com-miserate*

## vi DEDICATION.

*miserate* as well as consider the case of a client.—To all Ranks and Degrees of Men, who have *courage* enough to do as they would be done unto.—To *these*—and to no one *single* soul else, this book is dedicated by

*Their humble servant,*

The AUTHOR.

A

## Plain and Easy Road, &c.

### C H A P. I.

**A**FTER the death of *Peter*, *Martin*, and *Jack*, (sons of that most excellent person who, in his will, gave the best rules for behaviour in life, that ever made their appearance in this world; who also allotted the youngsters each of them a coat of such prime stuff, as would certainly, with care, have lasted them their lives, and with no little credit too):—After their death, I say, their followers jogg'd on with a pretty even pace, tenacious of the opinions of their forefathers. — *Peter's* de-

A

scendants

icendants continued their rarefhews, and cursed all sorts and sizes of men who did not chuse to give farthings and halfpence to see them.—From year to year they added ornaments to, and made errant fools of, their coats; and they also hated *Martin's* and *Jack's* followers, just in the same degree as *Peter* had hated his two brothers, *i. e.* *Martin's* more than *Jack's*; with whose followers (like their illustrious father) they would at any time join to do *Martin's* people any piece of mischief.—But, what is worse than all this, in a most unnatural manner they endeavoured to persuade the world that *Martin* was none of their father's brother; that he had no right to any part of the arms of the family; that he had indeed usurp'd a small portion thereof, but it was of little or no consideration, being only a simple cross; and that every particular thing

was



was left out by him, which tended to make the arms compleat, as the quartering of three hats or three caps, one above another; also three cellar-door keys: And that to these should have been added a thing, in the figure of a sign-post, called, by the vulgar, a gibbet:—Also wheels—not such as are used for coaches:—Whips—not for horses:—Axes—not for hewing of wood;—but all these made for a particular use, and invented by *Peter* himself, namely—to chastise, and root out, all the impudent scoundrels that are so daring as to exclaim against the points, tassels, fringes, patch-work, &c. &c. &c. of his followers' coats:—Which things are all allowed by the copy of will now lying in the strong box at *Babylon*—the truest copy of all. They insisted, further, that *Martin's* crest was entirely wrong, three hats,

or three caps, being the genuine crest of the maker of the will.

They abused, in a most shameful manner, the *Martinists'* copy—and call'd them a parcel of fools and blockheads for suffering their followers (bad as it was) to look into it in a common way; for, said they, it was making people (who have no right to any opinion at all) judges for themselves: Who have no right, I say, to be informed how to add together seven and five, and know what it exactly comes to; especially if their governors should think it necessary to make it thirteen instead of twelve.—*Martin* was therefore, say they, an errant ass, to enable all his followers to cast up a sum; whereas—almighty *Peter* took care to put that knowledge into the heads of but very few; to whom he allowed good curb  
bridles

bridles and sharp spurs, and gave them power to mount the consciences of all *non-commission'd Peter's* men, and ride them (if they liked) to Old Nick.—But neither *Martin* nor any of his officers liked this way of proceeding—for they loved to act above board;—they had knowledge themselves, and rejoiced to see it thrive in others—therefore they opened freely *their* arithmetic book, and left every man to sum for himself; and (like good masters) when they found any of their scholars going wrong, they endeavoured to set them right again.—They had indeed no end to serve but one—and that was—to cause 'em to believe and to do what was really contained in the original will, in order to make them compleatly happy.—They did not impose on the credulity of their brethren, and receive farthings and halfpence for the same, but let them see it

wrote *plainly* in the book, that seven and five made only twelve; and, if they were slow in reckoning, they never failed to help them out.

*Peter's* men having therefore no hopes left of reclaiming *Martin's*, who obstinately abode by the plain sense of the will, whose coats (simple and unaffected) gave them *entirely* the appearance of men, and *reasonable* ones too.—Despairing, I say, to bring them over to their standard of monkeys, what did they do?—They joined with *Jack's* posterity, whose bobtail'd coats gave them much the appearance of apes, and, *tooth* and *nail*, they attacked the poor *Martinists*.—*Jack's* people, (being every soul of them as mad as *March* hares) when they came near their enemies, humm'd and haw'd—and spit and cough'd--and farted and belch'd, and

and all—to bring their adversaries to reason.—The *Peterists*, on the other hand, looked as fierce as *Turkish* janissaries, when they are going to mutiny;—and swore and curs'd—and damn'd and ripp'd—and made use of all sorts of paw paw words.—Nay, moreover, to'd these well-meaning, dutiful people, that unless they would burn their foolish copy of the will, and also make their coats exactly like theirs—that they would hang, drown, burn, crucify, behead, roast, boil, barbecue, hoist up, let down (slap) upon the hard stones, keel-haul, or condemn to the galleys, every mother's son of them: And, God knows, they have, at various times put many of their threats in execution; for in the reign of a most bitter b—h, what by the sword of red-hot zeal, or the cutlass of knavery, many a poor *Martinist* bit the ground.

It

It could not, however, be expected that rogues and madmen should triumph long in a land of common sense; so *Peter's* crew and *Jack's* mob were at last vanquished and forced to submit. The former have ever since been under hatches, neither have they been (at least openly) suffered to swear, curse, and blaspheme from their oratorical machines.— And *Jack's* descendants (called *Eolists*, or sellers of wind, and often stink along with it) were allowed—because—they were not principals in the affair—and also upon account of their insanity—to puff away as usual, upon condition that they attempted not to persuade any *Martinist* so far to lacerate his coat as to shame himself by shewing his bare ar—se to all the world. Sometimes they kept their word, and sometimes they broke it; and it is thought,



thought, by those who understand the matter well, that whenever they flew out into any of their raving fits, and did any mischief, they were constantly set on by the roguish, designing crew of the *Peterists*.—*Martin's* men, however, remained content with the decent trim to which they had, with much labour and thought, reduced their coats, and set about the conscientious discharge of the wholesome precepts contained in the will.—*Jack's* also did what they had to do in their *ragged* fashion. Now things went on for some time in this way: Each persuaded themselves that they were in the right road to the land of bliss, especially the *Martinists*; when—it was at last found out, that they too had been long travelling in a wrong tract. This happy discovery was made by our incomparable orator about the year 1733 (there or there-

thereabout).——He plainly shewed—that (notwithstanding specious appearances) they understood as little of the matter as either their roguish or their crazy brethren—that their situation could only be call'd good, comparatively speaking—because it was something better than the others, which were so abominably bad as to be past all enduring;—but, when narrowly inspected by the force and insinuating properties of wind, it would plainly appear in the balance to be deplorably wanting.——Moved with compassion therefore at the great toil and difficulty which people underwent in those wretched and narrow roads, only to make themselves unhappy at the last, he has (for the benefit of mankind) set up a plain and easy turnpike, which no one (following his nose, or any other member of his body) can possibly miss.

For

For this kind work—this well-meaning man has been abused by all parties, but by *none* more than *Martin's*, who (one might have imagin'd) should have known better.—They have brought many—and (as they think) grievous charges against him, which, to the understanding ones, have little or no weight. They say that he has wilfully perverted the words of the will; that he has retained such as make for him, omitting others which are not for his purpose. In short—they have represented this kind-hearted man as a very D——l.—This all proceeds, I'm positive, from spleen, ill nature, and ignorance, as I shall shew you in its proper place; when I'll let you see (without spectacles) that *his* is the true road, and that all others are only counterfeits:—That he is such a man as never was before—and perhaps will never come after him.

him.—In short, that he cannot do wrong, and that—when he seems to contract the will ever so much—it is only appearance—for he knows what he's doing of—*i. e.* he is always doing what is right. I shall also make it clear beyond contradiction, that no man but himself, and those instructed by him, can rightly give the sense of any one single passage in the will.

## C H A P. II.

**I** Asked a gentleman, the other day, what a chapter in any book was; or, in other words, what he meant by a chapter?—He answered—He could not pretend to say;—he thought a chapter was a chapter.—A chapter in any book was a certain portion of that book;—and that, by many of them, the book  
was

was divided into many parts; and that, for want of them, the book would be a book without chapters; and he thought a book without chapters a strange book indeed, even worse than a book which had a chapter almost in every page of it, and sometimes in the space of ten lines, or less.

This answer did not please me at all;—but I got one from a friend which did, and here you have it at a small expence. A chapter, says he, is a stone set up by an author in the road he is about to lead his readers through; and that—as to the number of stones any author will set up in his road—or at what distance from each other—'tis not in his power to determine, nor can any one do it for him.—As they are intended for rests, 'twas his opinion that they should stand tolerably thick,

thick, but not crowded: For as a man's book is likely to be read by all sorts of genius's, by slow parts as well as your sprightly and active, and also by your gallopers over pages, provision ought to be made to refresh the gentle moving tits as well as your racers;—and this won't at the same time hinder your men of expedition from driving by as many stones or chapters as they like;—for your bucks may (with four horses and two postilions) as easily gallop along the road of learning, as they do on the *London* or the *Paris*; and perhaps may see as little of the curiosities of one country as they do of the other, being obliged in their reading to make no reflections but one; *i. e.* how many chapters, or how many stones, in learning they have passed by, and set it down immediately upon an ivory leaf; then go to the next coffee-house, and  
make



make—what they call—a damn'd boast of it, and lay a wager upon the next reading bout.—This sort of racing (though at first it may be perhaps of little service) will at last *steal* them, as it were, into the race-ground of learning.—Wagers upon the rational abilities of mankind, seem to me more commendable than upon the qualifications of geese and turkies;—I had almost slipt out—horses.—But for your slow movers, your dull or your idle gentry, who are not so rapid in the course, I'm pretty well assured that the sight of a conclusion of a chapter, or the beginning of the next, is often a most desirable thing; 'tis just like a seat to sit down on to a wearied traveller; 'tis like good anchoring ground to a toft and fatigued mariner.—As many readers may be infirm in their upper works, and for other reasons also,

an

an author's chapters should be pretty thick set, though not crowded, for the convenience of all sorts of travellers.— If they are too close, a man is invited to sit down almost as soon as he gets up, than *which* nothing can be more absurd. If the subject be difficult, your chapters should be as short as you can well contrive, that the severe student may give out before he has crack'd his brain; and that he who has none to crack may measure his wit and learning by the number of chapters he has passed over.—In sound literature and in nonsense these gentry, I aver, receive equal advantage from reading, and therefore are pleased with short chapters; at any of which they may give up, 'tis all one to them.

There is another great advantage to your brethren of the whip (I don't mean hackney

hackney coachmen) from this manner of writing, for it causes them to love books by a kind of association of ideas:—When—for instance—they read those jemmy chapters—they are put in mind of the quick succession of stages to *Newmarket*, or any other horse-race.—And I need not say how much the nation is benefited by a horse-racing education and galloping reading; for these gentlemen, when called upon, make good statesmen, excellent generals, I don't say admirals, for the turf and sea don't at all agree; but, to be sure, they are the best fathers, husbands, and sons, of all people living. They are found also to be most delightful landlords--hospitable house-keepers--punctual paymasters—and, above all,—the most religious and well-disposed people—exactly true to their word—and who would not do an ill thing to man,

B

woman,

woman, or child, for all that this world could afford.

And now I find that I am in danger myself of transgressing the gentleman's rules ;—I can't help fancying that I hear several of your bloods complaining of the heaviness of the road—that their horses tire—that they grow sleepy—that their postilions are cursed rascals—that they'll pistol or horsewhip them at the least ;—that they think it d——d hard to travel without measuring their way ;—that they could indeed go a whole day without stopping, yet it is much better to take up a little now and then, and have some refreshing talk, consisting of blas——y and baw——y ;—and perhaps giving the author a few hearty d——s for any piece of impertinence found in his book ;—endeavour to go to bed to his wife (if hand-

handsome)—to his daughter (if agreeable)—by way of retaliation for an injury not done to them or to any body else.

Now, since these worthy gentlemen are so very uneasy—or rather indeed because some of these members of society may be of future use to us poor authors, in d--n--g or c--f--g us into better bread, I shall oblige them, and set up a stone extraordinary on purpose;—so—stop, postilions—the chapter's ended.

### C H A P. III.

**I**T is surprizing how one piece of mischief brings on another; and how prone some people are, if you give them an inch, to take an ell!—The favour granted but just now, has occasioned an-

other very odd and very modest request: That it is the unanimous desire of all the bloods, bucks, true-blues, h-lfires, &c. of *Great-Britain*, that all my chapters, for the future, be (both horse and mare) of the right breed; all over without any meaning;—have neither top, nor bottom, nor side, nor head, nor point;—something like the reading the lines of a news paper quite thro' all the columns thereof: For as this bore a very strong resemblance to their own ideas, and was also uniform with their actions, it could not possibly fail being agreeable.—Upon failure in this point, I am threaten'd to be d——d nine times deeper than *Judas Iscariot*.——What can I do now in such a case? If the foregoing chapter be not of their stamp, I don't know what is; for 'tis exactly without rule, and, I think, pretty much without thought, and very  
well



well answers their description.—I have sent them this answer;—but they open'd all together, with a glorious hallo, No—rot it—we understand that chapter, and that's reason enough for any gentleman of the *beau monde* to be displeased at it, or indeed at any thing else; for the present taste is—to be in raptures with what one don't comprehend;—besides, understanding a thing is such a mortal hindrance to the career of reading, that, to men of impatience, like us, who are always upon the three-quarters speed thro' life, 'tis quite tiresome, 'tis intolerable.—One of them in particular, with a hoarse voice of the mercurial strain, call'd out, “Tell the author, that all we desire of him is this (and we promise to make him a c—s'd large subscription for his pains) if he will only give us what is new, and

plenty of——(you know what) in his works—then he's the man for us."

My messenger brought me this word, and withall—how angry they look'd, and talk'd of roasting, hamstringing, or tipping the lion upon me;—which obliged me to return for answer, That I would remember, but it shall be not to do what they desire of me.—And now I think I grow tired of my own chapter, and make this conclusion for my own ease and quiet.

#### C H A P. IV.

**I** Have for these two last chapters wandered I know not whither; 'tis time therefore to come back, and mind my business; *i. e.* to support our dear, charming,

ing, enchanting orator against the charges of the simple crew of the *Martinists*.—Foolish mortals! to endeavour to run down and vilify a man for the very thing which should redound to his praise and honour! They express themselves—or rather they seem to rave, in this manner.

When the followers of *Martin* seem'd every one of them to have their faces turn'd towards the point of happiness, and nothing *now* seem'd likely to discompose them in the road in which they were peaceably going—lo! a great part of the fraternity were poison'd, bewitch'd, and bed—l—d by one of their own flesh and blood;—one of their own commission'd officers;—one who, in his early years, had well deserved in the cause;—one who came into the world *sanus in mente*, and found in wind and limb:—  
And

And yet—O deplorable change ! has run mad, and hath become a more absurd *Eolist* than even *any* of *Jack's* followers. To these foolish mortals things appear thus;—but to us perfectionists quite different.—We know very well that he hath not poison'd, bewitch'd, nor bed—l—d any of the fraternity, but has allured them (*Orpheus* like) by the musical sweetness of his words, and the wholesome doctrine contain'd in them.—He hath, as it were, embalm'd them, and has made them proof against reviling tongues.—Bewitch'd and bed—l—d them !—No—he has consulted their present as well as future ease, by drawing them into his turnpike.—He has delivered them from all fears arising from what is past, present, or to come ;—and I think that to do all this, is not the province of a mad man.

But

But to go on with their idle suggestions: They say that *Peter's* men, despairing to bring over *Martin's* by what they call fair means, were resolved to confound them at any rate—so pitch'd upon our enlighten'd, inform'd man for that end;—and they blame their own orators for not cautioning their followers to be careful of their fundamentals; which had they been, they might at all times have been proof against the blasts of our god *Eolus*, whom they represent in a very ludicrous way.—He has, say they, his invisible emissaries, furnish'd every one of them with a pair of bellows, from the blast of which (if you do not use the utmost care) you are sure to be affected either at one end or at the other. If you are once taken in, you will all your life-time after, with great pleasure, be employ'd in receiving the blast either

above

above and parting with it below, which is not indeed so edifying—or taking it below and refunding it above, which is very wholesome for the orator, and instructive to the audience; and being, in large quantities, received into ears and mouths, it brings forth abundance of choice vegetables—as fufsballs and toadstools;—most excellent fruit, like crabs and bullace.—Now, the patients are by these affected in a most wonderful manner; the fufsballs round their cheeks, and before they utter, make them look like bladders;—the toadstools replete the heart with nasty thoughts, which the *Eolists* affirm to be absolutely necessary, in order to make it very pure.—The crabs and bullace join forces and attack the face, and throw it into many and different attitudes; the mouth, in particular, diversifies itself in that form call'd a hen's  
a—fe.



a—se.—Thus compleatly fitted out, whether the patient has a good or bad, a strong or weak understanding, he is qualified equally to hold forth.—Time, place, circumstances, &c. make no difference;—the *Eolists* are above such low considerations as these;—their words are with power, either in a tabernacle—a *Martinist* temple, if they can get there—from a cart—a butcher's stall—or the brink of a draw well.—The gift is to all the very same, being taken in the same way, and if well ramm'd down; when 'tis let off it gives the same report, and affords pretty much the same savour. And thus it happens that a cobbler, thatcher, or rat-catcher gives as edifying puffs as any man of the most liberal education. Now this shews the folly of the *Martinists'* sending their youth to *Oxf--d* or *C—b—ge*; yet at one of these places  
was

was educated the worthy proprietor, and also the turnpike-man of the new road. His father, grandfather, &c. &c. were of the sect of the *Martinists*, and he himself had a commission amongst them, to instruct his friends and neighbours; and no one acquitted himself better than he, nor any man cou'd shew more good sense and learning in his holding-forth, several pieces of which he published in his younger days.

By way of short answer to all this nonsense, I must observe, that, to the ignorant and uninform'd, they may appear very fine;—but, to our orator at this time, they are errant stuff, words without any meaning;—and, since the new road has been set up, neither he nor any of us his followers can so much as bear to read them.

They

They go on to affirm, that our wonderful man, of a sudden, to the grief of his friends and relations, became (either really or pretendedly so) an *Eoliff* of the maddest kind the world ever produced; to obviate which charges I must take a new chapter.

## C H A P. V.

**I**N answer to all these wise animadversions of the *Martinists* upon our sublime holder-forth and his sect, with regard to the first of them in particular, that the *Peterists* pitch'd upon our orator as a proper person to work upon, in order to carry on their schemes of confusion, I must make use of the knock-down argument which many a learned man has used before me, *viz.*  
That

That I don't believe a single word of it; and, if any body asks my reason for it, I neither can nor will give any; for, at our orator's request, we have done with that foolish thing, call'd *reason*, long ago. And as to the puffs which they talk of, it is certain that we all of us receive them in a forcible manner; but whether they come from bellows in the hands of the *Eolists'* emissaries or no, I neither know nor care;—yet, as they observe, I have taken them in both ways, and have refunded by both.

Their fufsballs, toadstools, crabs, and bullace too, I have no idea of;—but that we make hen a—ses of our mouths, when we hold forth, cannot be denied.—Our cheeks also blow up by the influence of our god *Eolus*.—But why they should distinguish our thoughts by the odious  
word

word *nasty*—I can't conceive: We have indeed plenty of wicked ones, amongst which there may be some that are impure, yet these are of no prejudice at all to the purity of our minds, but make them more compleat, and are a great step to us in the way of perfection.—And with respect likewise to the qualifications of our orators, as we have long ago bid adieu to reason—pray why may not a cobbler, a thatcher, a rat-catcher, or a fowmart-catcher, talk as well as any other man?—In our way, 'tis very plain, they can.

The *Martinists* (as I just mention'd in the last chapter) represent our dear man as mad, and say that it was occasion'd by love.—'Tis very sure, that the motive of all his actions is love, of some kind or other, and principally the love of putting people

people into the right way, who have but too long wandered in a very bad one.—But the enemies of our happiness are very fond of putting wrong constructions almost upon every thing, and say that he dissented from his fraternity purely through a love of ———. They report that he was, and is now, captivated by a being whose charms are irresistible;—one that *has* had, and *now* has, more admirers than all the fine ladies that ever lived in the world;—is courted and enjoy'd every day:—'Tis a being which makes those people happy who use it well, and, *vice versa*:—'Tis eagerly sought after by the old and the young, by the handsome and the ugly, by giants and dwarfs, and particularly the ladies press hard to possess it.—Such crowds of adorers come to the shrine of this adorable being, that, in  
order



order to satisfy them all, it divides itself amongst them; and, what is very extraordinary, the parts (*Polypus* like) grow again.

The votaries come with a design of being render'd happy by its gifts, but few of them have qualifications sufficient to make them so: And most of them are too craving; for, when they have received the allotted portion, they are desirous of having more.—A gentleman, in a high station in *Greenland*, was so enamour'd therewith, that though, from its fine head of hair were distributed to himself, and his numerous family, many bewitching yellow-colour'd locks, yet it only caused him to long for more, and he must needs have the whole perriwig. He got, by smooth words and many tricks, a greater share of this being than

C

any

any man living ever did, or ever cou'd, in his station, deserve.

This yellow-hair'd, yellow-ey'd, yellow-skinn'd being has a residence in every city, town, and village; roams upon the sea, and often takes up its abode at the bottom of it:—*Then* it is seldom accessible.—When any part moves upon the surface, what gaping fellows are there after it?—Sometimes may be met with one part, and sometimes another of this *Inamorato*, just as the errands are upon which they are sent.—Ships (now and then) contain an unreasonable portion thereof.—One of these was met with by a son-in-law of one, who was son-in-law to —, who was son-in-law to nobody that either you or I know. The gentleman, however, brought away the prize, and, whatever he was before, he has ever since

since been esteemed a wise, and understanding man.—So great a magician is this wonderful thing, that the famous *Circe* was not fit to hold a candle to it.—*Her art* was turning men into swine, &c. which trouble she might have spared herself, for let them but alone, and the generality will quickly convert themselves into such kind of brutes:—But *this operator* can change an errant swine not only into a man, but a great one too;—can make a zig-zag lady moderately straight—a plain one, tolerably handsome;—can produce, out of a gamester, a statesman—and out of a statesman, both a gamester and a sharper. By its instigation, a wise man will pay great deference to an errant fool, and a fool will become wise in his own conceit. In short, orator ———, moved by a strong desire to enjoy this idol, from a

once-honest fellow, became a most cunning hypocrite.—These *Martinists*, by all this parlayer, I suppose, mean gold or money—and that our pious leader was spurr'd on, by the love of gain, to proceed in the manner he has done.

What will men, uninform'd—not enlighten'd—refuse to say? Men who have not received the enlivening puffs which are necessary to make them good and happy.—They are, in short, nothing but lies and scandal:—However—we perfectionists are well assured that he cares not for money—'tis a burden to him; when he considers his own happiness;—yet, for the benefit of others, he will oftentimes condescend to carry the bag.—And what harm is there in all this?—Did not *Judas Iscariot*, a disciple, do the same in days of yore?—Our leader,

leader, after he has employ'd it to good uses, gives the same account exactly of every farthing as was made in the affair of *Georgia*, with which his friends were thoroughly satisfied.—The reason why he did not publish it to the world, is—that he does not think himself at all accountable to reprobates for any of his actions.—The benefit of mankind then was, most certainly, the cause of his leaving his old persuasion, for he found that it was only groping in the dark, and bewildering himself amongst thorns and briars;—and therefore now, that he has found out the certain road, and has full authority to grant passports—undeniable passports, to the land of bliss, it seems to me odd and unaccountable in people to refuse to take them.——O infatuation! when wilt thou have an end?

## C H A P. VI.

I Hope I have made it out as clear to the world as it is to myself, that the love of money is not the acting principle of our most lovely orator.—Let's now hear what these travellers in the narrow road have further to urge concerning him.

The parts and learning of this holder-forth, say they, no one can dispute; they are *indeed* very considerable, which way soever you view him—in his *quondam* or present profession.—Whether you behold him in his younger years, with a good conscience, explaining his ancestor's will, or *now*, making shipwreck of it; and, for farthings and halfpence, perverting the meaning thereof.—He is  
indeed



indeed a very extraordinary man!—he is author of such notions as neither *Peter*, nor *Jack*, nor all *Jack's* wild descendants, were ever able to produce the like.—Now—*here again*—these wrong-headed people are all strangely out of the way, for in his younger years he had no conscience at all; neither, as I have once before hinted, did he at that time understand a single word of the will.—Nor, in the next place, has he perverted the meaning thereof at all; there was no occasion for that; for none of the *Martinists* ever knew that it had a meaning, till he arose—he—the quick-sighted man, who understands more of the will than all the arch——ps, b——ps, p——fts, and d——s that were ever before him, or will come after him.—And, lastly, what these people assert of his being the author of such notions as neither *Peter*,  
nor

nor *Jack*, nor all *Jack's* wild descendants (I may say *Martin's* also) were ever able to produce, is most true, because they never had any notions worth producing, as will plainly appear in the course of this work—at least to our enlighten'd brethren.

They go on further to say—that the management of his coat is a note above *Elami*.—The original will, as hinted above, contained excellent rules and directions about the sons' coats, and their care in the wear of them;—also many others for their behaviour in life; their compliance with all which would undoubtedly make them compleatly happy. They were, in the first place, to take great heed (whatever misfortunes might befall the lower parts of them—*i. e.* the laps, from mire and dirt—from thorns  
and

and briars—from the snatchings and bittings of sad-dogs) to keep the upper, at least, neat and trim.—For their better information herein, he gave names to the shoulders, divided equally by the seam down the back.—The right he called *faith*, or *stedfast belief*, that every thing contained in the will was true—and that they should be happy or miserable, just as they had, or had not, credit therein.—The left shoulder he 'titled *performance*—or, in other words—*the doing whatsoever the will commanded to be done*.—They had, moreover, the same written upon each breast, that whenever they held down their heads, or look'd in the glass, they could plainly see it;—and the writing upon each shoulder could as easily be discern'd by their neighbours.

Now,

Now, neither *Peter* the swearer, the lyer, the cheater, the murderer, the deceiver, the mental reservator; nor the frantic, the nonsensical, the tricking, the pious-fac'd, white-ey'd *Jack*, notwithstanding all their rogueries, durst ever so much as meddle with the breasts or shoulders of their coats.—And the *Eolists*—hitherto existing—of what denomination soever—though they made rents, tears, and tatters, and play'd dog's and mountebank's tricks with their coats, yet always kept their hands from the letter'd parts thereof, for by them they are known to be the brethren of one father:—But this *indirect* looker and talker (moved by the love of ———, what 'tis a shame to repeat again) has done a deed which will, one time or other, be the confusion of himself and all his adherents.—'Twas in vain for him to attempt to make rents  
in

in the tail of the coat, that had been already atchiev'd by other *Eolists*, who had made it tatter'd enough.—'Twould have been folly also to have added more gewgaws thereto, for those arts had been tried by the *Peterists* over and over again. Something, however, was to be enterprized;—he was therefore, at last, of the *Bayes's* opinion, that let the thing be what it will, if it was but new—the more nonsensical the better—it was sure to please a corrupt age.

The author of the will had wrote the word *belief* upon the right breast and right shoulder, and *performance* upon the opposite side;—and as the coat was *equally* divided by them, so they were made *equally* necessary to the well-being of his friends.—What does this adventurer then do?—He took an old snipp'd pen-knife,

knife, and cut, or rather haggled, his coat down the back, from top to bottom; yet not so even but there remained—upon the left side—some jaggs and tatters, occasioned by the badness of his tool.—These he call'd filthy rags, and said that, according to one father *Paul's* interpretation of the will, they were sufficient for any man to wear upon the left side.

In this fashion he enjoin'd his followers, for ever, to wear their coats; and threaten'd them, that if at any time they suffer'd any taylor (master or man) to make 'em another side to their coats, that they should all as surely be d——'d as ever they were born.—He swore likewise, that what he did was by the advice of the same *Paul*, whose writings no man understood better, nor half so well as himself: That, as for his part, he look'd  
upon



upon the loss of the left side of his coat to be clear gain, and, as it was never intended for any service, a wise man should not trouble his head at all about it.—He would therefore himself, for the future, depend wholly upon the other side for his well-being, and insisted upon his followers doing likewise.—His sect consisted chiefly of *Martinists*, *Jack's* men, and all the *Eolists* of the kingdom, where-soever dispersed;—but of *Peterists* he got very few, for he could not persuade them to part with their rareshews at any rate. All these were obliged to wear a coat with one arm, instead of a coat of arms, *i. e.* the right side of the coat only.

Mr. ——— now passes, amongst the *Melancholic*, the *Bedlamitish*, and the *Gotham* part of mankind, for a strict observer of the will;—and as he never mention'd

tion'd the left side of the coat but with a full intention to run it down, (calling it, by the name of his own blunt penknife's making, filthy rags) by such means he is become the darling of all whoremongers, highwaymen, pickpockets, ladies of pleasure, bawds, drunkards, dishonest tradesmen, &c.—Finally, he takes in all sorts and sizes of your—*no-doers* and *wrong-doers*.

In this manner do the reprobate crew of *Martin* endeavour to run down the good and charitable scheme of our reformer—to make all kinds of people happy, without the least trouble on their side; but, had they half the quick sight which our pious man possesseth, they would soon find out—that it was impossible, in the nature of things, (whilst the left side of the coat remained) to have brought so  
many

many people, and of such different casts, so *speedily* and dextrously, all together to a place of blifs. The more extensive then this scheme of his is, is it not the more beneficent, and consequently the more praiseworthy?

Our guide (who is safely to be believ'd, who cannot lye, because he is *so* enlighten'd—*so* well inform'd) shews as clear as the noon-day, that every soul, almost, since the time of the making of the will, have been under grand mistakes about it; they are *too* apt to take it in its literal sense, when it is (ninety-nine times out of a hundred) to be understood quite the contrary. For instance;—about obeying the commands given therein, nothing is more plain to us perfectionists than this—that he means—we should not obey the commands. —But let us hear further the  
account

account of the narrow-road gentlemen themselves, and we shall be better able to see, and be convinced of, their mistakes.

## C H A P. VII.

**T**O know when a passage is to be received according to the letter, and when directly contrary thereto, is the very quintessence of *Eolism*, and which the miry-way fraternity know nothing at all of.—They make use of their reason to explain things, which is the sure way to be deceived;—whereas we go by nothing but puffs, dreams, visions, reveries, voices, &c. &c. all which are the truth itself.—Pass we on then to what those silly mortals have to alledge for *themselves*, and against *us*.—Our virtuous ancestor, say they, looking upon us all as  
his

his friends, obliged us to observe well, that he hath made it his constant endeavour to obtain great privileges for us; that he hath at *last* procured them; and, to make 'em more secure to us, hath laid down his life by way of payment:—And all that he desires of us, in return for this great favour, is—that we would heartily believe these things to be true, and entertain a thankful remembrance of them;—then he promises that we shall be completely happy.—He hath also left a great many things for *us*—his *followers*—to do, and which he hath laid a very great stress upon;—so great a one—that he frequently expostulates with those who do not as he bids them;—and particularly in these words, *Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?* And again—*Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter, &c.*—Now,

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the

the *Martinists* urge these, with many more places in the will, as an argument for their wearing the coat with two sides.— They foolishly accept the words in the plain and obvious sense, and, by that means, run themselves into numberless errors. But how happy are we, to have an orator of a different look, or cast, who sees contrary to most men;—who is positive (from a *voice*—or from a reverie) that our great forefather never intended that his words should be taken in the sense which (to all sensible people) they seem to carry, but in *one* directly opposite;—and that by the expression, *doing as he commanded them*, he gave them full leave to do just as they pleased;—to neglect what he order'd them, and do whatsoever he forbad them, if they chose it.—Moreover, that he is most certainly inform'd by a messenger from —, that  
 so



so far from there being any harm in all this, that it is the only method to be esteem'd by the worthy author, as more virtuous and more dutiful than his other servants.—That, as all his favours proceeded entirely from his own good-will and pleasure, the less men endeavour'd to deserve them, so much the sooner they should have 'em;—if they only entertained a double portion of credit, that they should *certainly* have them.

This doctrine is of unspeakable comfort;—the truth of which these blind, reprobate *Martinists* have not the understanding to see.—A doctrine, I pronounce, of *huge* comfort to those who cannot—or will not—or have not time to set about doing the commands of their master, supposing they were necessary to be done.—Comfort indeed; for it is de-

riving us from a burden which neither  
 we nor our forefathers were able to bear.  
 'Tis *indeed* a most wonderful discovery of  
 our pious man; for *now*—any one, who is  
 arrived at the true faculty of believing  
 that he is in a thriving way, can't easily  
 thrust himself out of it, though he goes  
 on with his accustomed profession of di-  
 ving into a pocket, or taking a station  
 upon the high-way;—or, if it be a be-  
 lieving female, of keeping houses of  
 love, and close conference for gentlemen  
 and ladies. These *occupations* are so far  
 from being inconsistent with the charac-  
 ter of a good and well-meaning person,  
 that, if upheld by a plentiful share of be-  
 lief, they are the things which cause him  
 or her to *be* that very person.—These  
 reprobates don't therefore understand the  
*Elean* liberty, wherewith our captain  
 hath made us free, and endeavour to give  
 the

the world an ill opinion of it.—But I hope they will *all* (in due time) be swol'n to a proper pitch, by the reviving puffs of our dear man: *Then*, and not till *then*, they will see their errors.—But at *present* they are dull—very dull—and likewise very wicked;—for they cease not to represent us as a people of an unaccountable, odd appearance, because we wear only one side of a coat: And, moreover, they are always throwing in our teeth—that our holder-forth is the admiration of all whoremongers, &c. as indeed—truly speaking—he is; and they give this sorry, this lame reason for it, *viz.* because he has most obligingly released them from that obligation which they before lay under, of doing the thing which their own conscience and the world told them was lawful and right:—Whereas the true reason is—that the pious creature has

convinced their inward man, that they are doing right—at the same time that they are acting what the world (and especially the ungodly part of it, as judges, magistrates, hireling parsons, &c.) calls wrong.—In short, the dear man has open'd many an eye, and made it to see direct—(just like himself)—that though the will commands us to abound in every good work—yet it never intended any such thing; because, thereby, it would add greatly to men's pride, and cause them not *wholly* to depend upon the believing side of the coat; which, most certainly, is the easiest and safest part to hang by.—Our adversaries also think themselves vastly witty in their remarks upon the unequal figure, as they call it, which we cut in our coats with one arm.—Suppose, add they, 20 or 30,000 of those new-fangled fellows to be got together with  
half

half a coat a-piece, what a droll appearance must they make?—Not at all, say I, to eyes that see as they should see!—But our captain, however, was aware of the inconvenience of living amongst the wicked; and being willing to conform, *i. e.* be all things to all men, that, like *Paul*, he might gain some, he provided against the worst, and hath given orders to each person to provide himself with a good furtout, to slip on in case any body laugh'd at him—and to have it always hanging upon his arm for that purpose.—Thus we are obliged oftentimes to look like other people, for peace and quietness sake.—And we act also as reprobates do, when we like it; for our warrant insures us from doing wrong, do as we please.—Our turnpike is then—properly speaking—the way of pleasantness, and consequently peace.—But, say the  
the

the *Martinists*, (speaking further of us) as the world deals much in comparisons—to what may we compare these strange beings?—In our eyes they look like a mill with one sail, which the *Eolists* (the buyers and sellers of wind) have found out to be the most perfect figure for motion, and grinding of corn.—Again: They compare us to a ship with one of its sides plain, the other convex; which undoubtedly, of all other forms, is the most convenient one for expedition; and, for sailing in a line, the most direct of any other.—We are liken'd also to a plain convex bowl upon a green; which, of all constructions, with the truest and quickest motion, will arrive at any distant mark or jack.

Now, these wrong-headed fellows (not knowing that all these conjectures of  
theirs



theirs are the very truth itself) make 'em a matter of their ridicule:—And, imagining that the effect will be the reverse to all this, they treat us in this ironical way.—But our notable man has a full proof of it from experiments,—from which we are assured that, in the great bowling-green of the world, it is impossible that an *Eolean*, if he is of the right construction, should ever miss the mark or jack.—But our adversaries are of the contrary opinion; and insist—that he will twirl about and about without any intention, (reasonable one at least) till he meets with one of our temples—called tabernacles—built with four doors—looking towards the four cardinal points: The situation of which—as it is convenient for the gyrating motion—at one of them he must of necessity enter.—And lest, by the continuance of the said motion,

motion, he should fall out at another door, the god *Eolus* (who has his residence in the centre of the cieling) takes care, with a single puff, to knock him down upon his flat side.—There he continues, as still as a mouse, to hear an edifying discourse upon coats with one *whole* side, and a few filthy rags left upon the other.—The harangue being finish'd, the god changes his quarters, and creeps under the pavement, which is full of small and invifible holes, from under which he puffs againft their flat fides, and—like tops—fets them all up again.—The entertainment in the tabernacles, they pretend, is all puff; and that a true difcourse is generally divided into either four, eight, sixteen, or thirty-two points, juft as the holder-forth finds himfelf more or lefs replete with wind.

Well!

Well! — the profane may say what they please, they may laugh at our half-coats; — but they'll find that, some time or other, our half-coats will be found to be better than their whole ones — *especially* as our leader intends to strive hard to get quit of all the rags upon the left side thereof, when it is convenient. — They may likewise make themselves merry with our vortical movements, as they call them; but we have it proved to us, even *beyond* the force of a demonstration, that this kind of travelling is the most direct of any other, and will the *soonest* bring any man to his journey's end.

## C H A P. VIII.

O U R enlighten'd — inform'd — inspir'd orator is sorely laid on — has accusation upon accusation brought  
against

against him by our enemies, of contradicting the will of our ancestor;—but I aver that there is no truth in the assertion.—He seems indeed (to one who is not replete) to differ greatly from it;—but a true *Eolist* knows perfectly, that he never agrees so well with it, as when in words he seems most to contradict it.—It is in the instance of the hairy man in the wilderness, with the leathern girdle, that they bear the hardest upon him, and press him with all their weight.—They introduce him talking of fruits meet for repentance, and foolishly construe his words, as meaning—that men should turn from their wicked ways, and do the thing which is lawful and right;—and *this* they call becoming a new man.—But our informer, who knows the hairy man's thoughts to a tittle, gives it as *his* opinion, that, by fruits meet for repentance, he

he meant no such thing.—Fruits meet for repentance! Fruits meet for a fiddle-stick; he intended that we should bring forth none, tho' his words plainly express it; for our orator makes it appear as plain as a pike-staff, (by the force of wind alone) that a new man is not made in that manner, either by forsaking old bad tricks, or gaining new and better habits;—*nor* is there, besides, any necessity to put off the old man in order to put on the new.—'Tis ridiculous also to trouble our heads about the matter; for all that is required of us is this—to pay due attendance at his tabernacle;—*there* he will make us new men, and we shall retain as much of the old gentleman as we shall have occasion for, he'll make us as clean and as white as any fuller can whiten; yet, to all appearance, we may look as black as any collier, or even the D—l himself.

More-

Moreover—there can no harm happen unto us, do or say what we will, so long as we remain good two-and-thirty-point men, *i. e.* faithful *Eolists*.—And now, courteous readers—is not this delightful doctrine? and is not he a most charming creature, who can make the will itself, by his profound interpretation of it, suit every one's humour, as easy as a glove can fit the hand?

The poor *Martinists* are ever dreaming of thorns and briars in their road to bliss, all owing to their bungling construction of the will;—they are ignorant people indeed! and many generations of them have not been able to find out that the road to bliss is a coach-road, and as good as any part of that to *London*; and that, in travelling it, there is no occasion to put off so much as an ounce of the old man.

Come



Come unto me all ye that travel and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you; *i. e.* (according to the reprobates) cast your load upon me, and lighten your journey: But we (God be thank'd) are bless'd with better information, and can say, to the comfort of our hearers, keep your burdens upon your backs, for it is the only way to make you run faster in the race which is set before you.—Come therefore unto Mr. ———, all ye that travel and are heavy laden—receive a few of his saving puffs, and pay him, as he well deserves, with a little shining dirt out of your pockets, and your loads will be no more trouble, no more weight to you than a feather, mushroom, or fust-ball.

CHAP.

## C H A P. IX.

**A**Nother doctrine of our good pious devout orator, the reprobate crew of the *Martinists* stumble much at, being entirely ignorant of the wholesomeness thereof. The doctrine is—that a true *Eolist* must never scruple, for the business of the tabernacle or meeting, (whether it be in a house, behind a hedge, or on a mountebank stage, or any where else)—to leave his family at sixes and sevens, with a thorough persuasion that they will want nothing at home in his absence.—Our adversaries now can't make out the necessity of all this, and therefore quote this passage against us, *He who provideth not for his family, is worse than an infidel.* This, in a common way, I must needs  
own,

own, is true, *i. e.* when any *Peterist*, *Martinist*, or any of *Jack's* men do the like. But the case is alter'd quite, when people are following our dear orator, or any other holder-forth of the same way of thinking with himself. — If a wife, for instance, is old or lame, and consequently (though industrious) is incapable of providing for a family without the husband's help—so far from *being* an infidel, if you refuse to work for your own and their living, that it is the greatest argument of your faith; and you'll certainly be duly rewarded, if you leave them to shift for themselves—*provided* your employment is rambling after the inform'd—the enlighten'd Dr. ———.

Do not therefore, my friends, suffer a parcel of reprobate orators to persuade you to accept the words of the will in

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their

their natural and obvious sense, (which is, to be sure, the *worst* you can possibly take them in, and will, some time or other, be your destruction) for the *mystical* is the only one that can be of any service to you—and the *mystical bead* of your leader is the *only bead* that can explain passages out of the will to any purpose, I can assure you.—And besides, as you may, (many of you) when blown up into the proper size, become holders-forth yourselves, this is the *surest* method to prevent inquisitive hearers from using their natural understandings;—which, in true *Eolism*—or the doctrine of puffs—is a thing not at all to be endur'd.—But I shall go a step further, and prove, that no true member of the puffing society is oblig'd to do at all what is commanded by the will;—and that, if he does it, he detracts from his own worth

and

and excellency, as also from the goodwill and benevolence of that person from whom he is to receive his share of bliss. I shall shew all this in an account I am just going to give of our great ancestor, in the *Martinists'* own words, with my own observations upon them.

“ There lived a man in the country of ———, who had immense possessions.— Of all men living upon the face of the earth, he had the mildest disposition and the kindest heart; as he had not a sufficient number of near relations to give his ample fortune to, he consider'd all mankind as such.—From time to time he took a number into his family, and promised to provide for them. He had 'em *first* in quality of servants, and gave 'em work to do, which (tho' at first distasteful) soon became extremely delect-

able.—He insisted upon their confidence in him, as a *kind* and *indulgent* master;—for *this*, said he, will be a means of keeping them steady to their duty. He assur'd 'em that they should have their wages punctually paid, and become at last his adopted sons. He let them know that they were unable *so* to do their work, as to merit the high station to which he intended to advance them, and therefore that it proceeded entirely from his good will:—*Nevertheless*, he would have 'em, by all means, do the *utmost* in their power to obey all his commands, and *that* shou'd stand instead of absolute performance.—Accordingly—he took servants—some good—some bad—and some indifferent, who far'd—or are to fare—as the world supposes, according to their different behaviour.—In process of time there arose amongst the servants several odd, unaccountable



countable fellows, who would not act in the same manner as did their fellows, they refus'd to obey their master's commands at all; and, what seem'd very odd to the rest of their companions, they profess'd that they lov'd their master as well, nay better than the very best of them:—That they certainly depended more upon his kindness and good-will, and did not doubt of becoming his adopted sons sooner than any of their fellow-servants.——They alledged, moreover, that if they did any thing towards obtaining what was promised, they should *then* seem to claim a sort of right thereto, and *that* would in some measure lessen his kindness, from *which* they were assured he could not go upon any account. 'Twas upon that account that they absolutely refus'd to work with the other servants, and, in the vineyard, either idly

hung upon their spades, or did mischief to the vines;—for, said they, if we do what he positively forbids, it cannot lessen us in his esteem.—They insisted that it argued more kindness, and redounded more to their master's honour to be generous to *them*, than to take notice of such who could (tho' but in an infinite small degree) plead value receiv'd.

Now, as this belief of theirs was so strong, that nothing could get it from them, they went on in their own way, and would not so much as do a hand's turn—and persisted that there was no manner of occasion for it.—Instead of staying in the house then, and looking after affairs, they slipt out into the stable, park, or dove-court, to hear one of their inform'd or enlighten'd servants hold forth, upon the propriety of a man's believing  
that

that he should have a reward for believing that he should have it, and persuade them that this was the only true title to it;—after which they all were to kneel down in the pigeon dirt, and pray heartily that it should be as they desir'd. These servants maintain'd that, as there was no necessity to do even the best thing in the world to recommend themselves to their master, so nothing either wicked or mischievous could ever make them forfeit his good graces.—The first thing they did therefore was—to get all the maidens in the house with child: They proved this to be the right thing by a passage in the old will—*Increase and multiply*—and to it they went.—In the next place, (as they often had occasion for money) they broke open cabinets and buroes, and took what their necessities requir'd.—And because cabinets, chests  
of

of drawers, &c. were not always in their way, they ran in debt with their reprobate fellow-servants, as they call'd them, with a full intention never to pay them again one single farthing.—If thrown into jail, and at last, out of mere compassion, releas'd by those very reprobates, they never so much as return'd thanks for the favour;—and alledg'd that they were not at all oblig'd to them for the payment of their debts—for if their deity *Eolus* had not blown it into their heads, they would never have done it.—They did also many other things in the family, which (to any person not of their way of thinking) would at least be *suspected* to be unjust; such as embezzling their master's goods;—and the little he committed to their care to trade withall, they were not content to make no use of it at all, by burying it in the ground, (as the  
servant

servant mentioned in the will did) but they pawn'd and oftentimes fold it, and receiv'd little in return for it, but an upheav'd measure of credulity, that they should be better treated by their master than those servants who had made it their endeavour at all times to do his will and pleasure;—who were also no breakers of cabinets, &c.—no contractors of debt with their fellow-servants—no embezzlers of their master's goods, and had the money committed to their charge (when call'd upon) to shew, and with interest too.

These servants were then to be better used, because they had a greater share of confidence in their kind master, and also because it was more for his honour (as hinted above) to make those happy who never troubled their heads about his  
com-

commands, or about avoiding doing those words or actions which he positively forbid them to speak or do; for this, said they, was the pink of civility and kindness.—Another reason for their behaviour was this:—As their master had so often told them that, after all their pains and trouble, they must allow themselves to be unprofitable, unworthy servants, it was therefore to be concluded, that the greater share of unworthiness they were possess'd of, so much the more worthy they should be accounted by their benevolent master.

Thus far you have the *Martinists'* account of the *Eolean* tenets.—My observation is this—That the rogues state the case fair enough indeed;—but then they don't see (neither can they see till they are instructed by our leaders) into the  
the



the reasons of acting amongst these odd fellows, as they are pleas'd to name them. If they'd any brains in them, they would know (that besides their master's kindness towards them in rewarding them for doing nothing—or doing mischief just as it came into their noddles—as also because it redounded more to his honour) that there is a better account to be given, why the servants did not chuse to set their hands to work—and that is, because the words of the author of the will himself, in that respect, are much in their favour;—and from which they gather, that they are not enjoin'd to do any one thing to which they have no inclination.—The passage is this—*my yoke is easy, and my burden light.*

Now, these servants make it appear very plain, that, by the yoke or burden,  
 he

he could not mean working; for that is not an easy yoke, or a light burden, to men of exalted minds, like them, who love freedom.—Believing, alone, must then be understood by the light burden, for that indeed is no very grievous yoke to any one—for he may trip away with it with the greatest ease and pleasure. I advise therefore all your groaners under their burdens—whether they be *Martinists*, *Peterists*, or *Jack's* men—or any other sort of *Eolists*—(not so full blown as ourselves) to open their mouths from ear to ear, and receive the comfortable doctrine which flows from the upper vent-hole of our redoubtable orator;—who will not higggle with them in a vain and fruitless endeavour to make their yokes or burdens lighter, but, with a single turn of his thumb, will throw them quite off their backs, so that, for the future,

ture, they shall have no more plague nor torment with them.

All manner of reprobates then are to repair to his tabernacle—(as costive as possible)—that they may be the better enabled to retain what is put into them; lest, going out at the lower vent-hole, the good man should have labour in vain. They will soon find—to their no little joy—that the wholesome blast (after various struggles and grumblings, which ignorant men only take for the dry gripes or cholic, because of the patient's roaring and making ugly faces, and at last falling down into instructive and edifying fits) may—after a double or two about the bowels, stomach, head, &c.—come out in the shape and character of holding-forth.—This performance once happily ended—any enterprizing genius is  
almost

almost equally qualified with the doctor himself, to set up in the puffing way, to ease the rich of their superfluities, and take from the poor (what greatly hinders them in their journey to bliss)—all they have:—For certainly (in the race set before us) nothing is so great an impediment as money, though it be ever so little.

Our adversaries call this usage barbarity:—But in this they again shew their profound ignorance of our ancestor's will, in which we find an expression to vindicate us in this practice of ours—*Blessed are the poor*, saith he, *for theirs is the*, &c.—Now, if that is the case, the poorer they are, so much the more blessed: And pray are not these poor under very great obligations to our orator, for making them compleatly so?

I shall now take the liberty to give my readers some instructions concerning the salutary puffs of our ever-to-be-admir'd, most charming orator.—When you have once receiv'd them, take care to keep your mouths well clos'd—bottle them up safe that they may not escape, and they will shew their effects, sometimes at the instant of holding-forth, sometimes after. If they are properly receiv'd, they generally swell the patients to a vast degree, cause them to turn up the whites of their eyes, something like their orator.—They wrinkle their faces, and make them appear (not as the reprobates would have it, like baboons) but like truly pious *Eolists*. They cause them oftentimes to roar (not like town-bulls, as those rogues would insinuate) but like musical, sweet-pip'd brethren of the puffing society.—But above all, my friends, take care of  
your

your lower vent, for many, who have not been cautious in this particular, have suffer'd greatly by it;—for what they have taken in at one end has escaped out at the other.—Now this, being always a scandal both to themselves and the fraternity, they should endeavour to conceal as much as possible; but the report and also the favour will, notwithstanding, often break out, and now and then reach even the orator himself.

#### C H A P. X.

**H**AVING (in my own opinion at least) got the better of these *Martinists*, I am now a little more at liberty to give the world a true and impartial account of us *Eolists*—and let *it* be the judge whether we don't travel the easiest and  
the



the most likely road to come at bliss.—  
 First and foremost then—we are a free,  
 sociable, unconfin'd people, who have no  
 restraints laid upon us, but to appear re-  
 gularly at the meeting or tabernacle;—  
 in other respects we live at large.—And  
 indeed these tabernacles we have, only,  
 that we may avoid all occasion of offence  
 to the reprobates: We affect therefore to  
 look like them with their temples; but  
 our favourite place to hold forth is  
 in the open air, because *there* our  
 deity hath the freer egress and regress:  
 For which purpose we generally chuse a  
 waste piece of ground—(if near the gal-  
 lows so much the better)—for we there-  
 by inure our followers to a frequent  
 sight of it, and we at the same time are  
 careful to let them know, that those very  
 actions which, in reprobates, richly de-  
 serve it, are, in them, no faults at all.

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Are

Are not these then comfortable principles? Who in their senses would not embrace them? — For the further encouragement therefore of those who are desirous to be blown up into *Ecclesiasts*, I'll now shew what great benefit we are of to the nation in general;—how much we contribute to the improvement of it in arts and sciences;—and particularly in what an immense degree husbandry and our manufactures are the better for us—I say the word—I'll shew it.

## C H A P. XI.

**I**N natural philosophy (and especially that part of it call'd pneumatics) we are, of all men, the most expert; and our experiments succeed beyond all expectation

pectation.—We are, (as hinted at in the last chapter) by the instructions of our leaders, very careful to keep fast the contents receiv'd into our bottles, at the same time our instructors have the art of parting with it at pleasure, and can make of themselves almost a vacuum—what little therefore remains within them, must of course be greatly rarefied.—As then it is the property of air to rush in from all sides towards the rarefied part, it happeneth—that when any well-qualified holders-forth chuse to take a walk into the country for the edifying of the brethren, or the conversion of reprobates, they empty themselves to a very few globles of air—the heat of their zeal immediately rarefies what remains; so that (as I said before) they become next door to a walking vacuum. The business thus advanced, if they pass by any

barn or field, the thrasher in the one, and the plower in the other, (if *Eolists*) begin, in an involuntary manner, to move. The air within the orator—and for a certain circle without, being, by hot zeal, attenuated, causes that which is contain'd within the thrasher, or the plowman, immediately to have a tendency towards it; upon which their insides become tickled—after that, prefs'd—so that they advance the one towards the barn-door, and the other towards the hedge—the air included in their bodies (not being able to escape) necessarily drives them towards the rarefied teacher, upon whom they are constrain'd to attend, at the expence of their day's wages—exclusive of the penny given for replenishing their bottles with what, at the first impulse, they might have lost out of them.—This wonderful rarefaction draws also your  
mowers,

mowers, fwine-drivers, carters, nay farmers themselves, in a most irresistible manner, to leave their servants to do just as they please, for days and weeks together.—Indeed, if they were upon any other business but this, their families would be sure to smart for it by want: But here 'tis quite the reverse; for a huge share of belief in this case serves instead of going to market, and their tables are in no great danger of wanting—at any time—a leg of mutton and turnips—or a goose--or something very good at least.—The *Martinists* think all this but an idle story;—but people like us—fill'd with the benign blasts of *Eolus*--know it every word to be true.

But, of all our friends—the taylorseem to be the most hearty cocks in this our windy cause, and are the soonest of

any people living drawn from their shop-boards, for the air contain'd in them is of a springy nature, owing to their cabbage diet.—Their seat being ticklish, and limbs active, at the very first motion (like *Harlequins*) they start up, and, with a most admirable swiftness, move incessantly towards their *primum mobile*.—And, what is most extraordinary—if the shop-board be ever so long—and the first taylor be only affected—at the turn up of the whies of his eyes they will all start pretty near together, and (like hounds, who hunt the first dog who has got the scent) will go after their companion, and never stop till they come almost into contact with our wonderful man.—The shop-board is then adjourn'd; and where is the harm of all this, tho' the *Martinists* make such a loud clamour at it?—Pray, can't faith both cut out and make cloaths  
for



for their customers in their absence?—  
 And is not this an easy and happy society, for whom journeyman *Faith* will, upon the least warning, work, and give them at any time a holiday?—Nay, moreover, will stand cook for their wives', children's, and servants' dinner! O that the whole kingdom then would be so wise as to become *Eolists*!—they might all of them live comfortably, without flaving their bones;—and their families might dine (not at *Duke Humphreys's*, as the reprobates most maliciously represent it) but at *Faith's* table: And our good man has given us his word and honour, that this table will never want all manner of eatables and drinkables.——  
 This, therefore, I take to be the true meaning of that antient saying—*Sing old rose, and burn the bellows*.——In short—ours is a most happy state both for the  
 master

master and mistress of a family, to be released from the plague and trouble of having their children instructed in *Babylonish* arts and sciences—to be eas'd of the anxiety of saving money to put them out apprentices to useless trades, such as only administer to luxury and debauchery, and greatly prevent their twirling away to the tabernacle, or other meeting-places, to hear the comfortable, edifying (and I was almost going to say belly-filling) discourses of our eighth wonder of the world. Consider then, my readers, before it be too late—how much more easy and pleasant it is to travel a road singing *Eolean* hymns, than doing hard work as you go along—nay, what is worse than any kind of work—running your noses continually into thorns and briars?

The

The *Martinists* (bad as their way is) are too partial in their admission of travellers into it; whereas, our turnpike refuses none:—The bawd, and her customers, male and female—who (whilst they remain'd reprobates) were continually pester'd, plagu'd, teas'd, perplex'd, and hurried out of their lives, by a certain intruding thing call'd *conscience*; which was every now and then buzzing in their ears, that their practices were male, and contrary to the directions in their ancestor's will, (now become *Eolists*) are happily delivered from that slavery, and find that their doings are now no ways contradictory to the—mystical—meaning of it at least.—This therefore affords most inexpressible consolation to Madam *Gin*, Mrs. *Brimstone*, and Betty *Shameless*, that they can now, *honestly*, and without any interruption, follow their

OWN

own inclinations; that they can, like good and pious women at the tabernacle, make use of the whites of their eyes, because there's no occasion to see, but to hear;—and, with the same good hearts, can employ the blue, the black, the grey, the haffel, or whatever colour else they consist of—to spy out Hobby Horses, both for their *Eolean* and profane customers—at their return home.

Happy, happy mayest thou be, thou most admirable teacher, who hast seen so *directly indirectly*, or any other way whatsoever, into the hearts of thy followers, and has tied them, or united them to thee, with such pleasing bands; who hast taught them to put on the new man, withou that senseless *Martinean* method of putting off the old.

Now

Now these reprobates cannot see the force of this kind of reasoning; and indeed how should they?—for it can only appear to our orator's and his journey-men's eyes, and to all others, for whom they have been pleas'd to make spectacles. These foolish mortals strip into buff before they put on the new man, but the enlightened children do not so; for as men put coat upon waistcoat, so we place the new man upon the old—and thus we have him under confinement; and if he becomes refractory, or does any thing which might bring upon us the least disgrace with our adversaries, we button him up close, and to all intents appear to be the new man.

The afore-named ladies, when they go to the tabernacle, that they may give no offence, button up in this manner;  
and

and when they come home again, either unbutton or pull off their outward garments, when they have a fancy to amuse themselves with d-mn--g, rip--g, tear--g, dr--k--g, or talking b——y ;—and it is only buttoning their coats when they go out again, and they become as innocent and as harmless as doves.

Great then are the privileges and advantages of us *Eoleans* above all other people of the world; dull and stupid then must they be, especially *Martin's* race, to talk of making themselves clean hearts, and putting away the evil of their doings;—eschewing evil, and learning to do good:—Silly mortals, to take so much Pains and trouble, when they may, without it, be as clean as heart could wish:—Idle folks, to talk of sinning no more, lest a worse thing happen  
unto



unto them; whereas—we, happy creatures—can sin as much, and as often as we please, and, at the same time, not sin at all; that is—after we have a competent time attended upon our dear Mr. ——'s discourses.

## C H A P. XII.

**B**E it known to all the dwellers upon the face of the earth—(and I wish that there was some contrivance to carry it to the moon, and all the other planets) that Mr. —— has established a doctrine the most comfortable, the most efficacious to make men quiet and easy, has chalked out for them the plainest road to walk on to the Land of Bliss;—and, to make his scheme the more certain of answering, he has endeavoured  
to

to prevent all manner of disagreements and schisms in his turnpike; has therefore strongly recommended a good understanding, or social love, amongst the brethren; particularly between the males and females, in whom he has observed a certain magnetic quality, which he intends should be the cement of his society—a means of their sticking close together.

Now this attraction is not polar, like that of the loadstone and needle, but is equatorial; the magnetic point being about the half-way between the two extremes.

He was the more induced to bring this quality into his scheme, because he had, not long ago, read in a certain book, That a subterranean society in the south  
of

of *France* (remarkable for close brotherly and sisterly love) were pushed forward by this principle.

He was pretty good at projecting himself, yet he chose rather to proceed upon the labours of one who had so great a character as this magician of *France*.—He thought once of travelling thither—but there were two reasons against it; the one was, he did not chuse to venture himself in a *Peterist* country; and the other, lest it should get wind, and he should lose the honour of being the projector and encourager of the magnetic attraction amongst his harmless and innocent doves;—so—if possible—he was resolved to go there in a dream, which was the least expensive and less hazardous way of any. It was not long before he had the opportunity  
of

of satisfying his curiosity to the full, as you'll find in the next chapter.

### C H A P. XIII.

**T**WAS upon the 28th or 29th of *October*, 1734—there or thereabouts, 25 minutes after twelve, as he was laid upon his back in bed, he dreamed that he was, by some invisible being, carried into the south of *France*;—and that he was set down in a most superb city—the amusements of which would have been apt to have drove any one but himself from his purpose; but upon business he came, and to business he immediately went: The first thing he did, was to make inquiry about the magician, whose tabernacle or meeting-house was subterranean.—He was answered by several

veral people, That they knew not where his hold was, but wish'd they did, that they might have the pleasure of roasting, boiling, or making black puddings of him, for a ranting, roaring, caterwawling fon of a b——h.

This answer struck Mr. ——— upon heaps, especially as he expected that the gentleman was universally known and esteemed.——No—he was hated, and fought after to be sent out of the world, because he sold (by wholesale) leave to exert that magnetic quality, which the *Peterists* sold by small portions only, and repeated it often. At this rebuff he grew very pensive, nay, almost melancholy, and wander'd about he knew not whither.——Chance directed his steps into the country (as he thought) about half a day's journey.——He now absolutely

G

despaired

despaired to make any thing out concerning his business, when, in an unfrequented part of a wood into which he had strolled, he espied a trap-door left open, I suppose carelessly, by some person or other. At the first he was not a little startled; but, being by nature courageous, he soon recover'd from his surprize;—and also, being brim-full of curiosity, he approached to the brink of the passage, and, groaping with hands and feet, found that the descent was easy, and by stone steps.—Down he goes—shuts the trap—and pursues his journey (dark as it was) thro' narrow and crooked passages, making his hands his fore-runners to save his nose; which method succeeded, though not without some few rubs upon the bark of it. Thro' many windings our adventurer marches, sometimes almost resolv'd to turn back again; when



when, lo! to his great joy, a light appears, which, upon a nearer approach, he found to be a farthing candle stuck against the side of the rock. To him—this diminutive emission of light seem'd as bright as the most glorious chandelier.—He springs forward, crying as he went—*courage—there are men in this cavern—who either sell or buy candles, or perhaps both.* Many more curious reflections he makes, which are not necessary now to relate. He pass'd the auspicious luminary, and, by the help of its splendour, arrived at a spacious room, lighted up by just number three of the same sort of tapers.—They serv'd only to render visible a large concourse of what he at first judg'd to be spirits—but which he found to be people of both sexes, assembled to pay their devotions to some deity or other. What sort of folks they were

he could not tell, they might be Cannibals for ought he knew.—He was afraid—yet fear a second time gave way to curiosity;—in he went—but avoided the lights as much as possible, and withdrew to a corner, to observe what pass'd amongst them.—You shall have it all in the next chapter.

#### C H A P. XIV.

**B**EING situated very commodiously, from his lurking place he saw a man mounted above the rest, whom he judged to be the holder-forth. He stood between two out of the three candles; the other was at some distance, and was intended to direct the steps of the people about the room.

The

The speaker made a most wonderful fine harangue, in praise of loving him in the first place; and then, of loving one another. Then he used violent motions with his head, face, and hands—and utter'd the words *increase and multiply* three times, upon which there was an immediate movement of the whole assembly.—One of the handsomest young females advanced towards the holder-forth, and he *reciprocally* tended towards her. In what *ratio* the attraction was Mr. — could not pretend to ascertain;—however, he saw them come nearly to contact, and then stop: The rest had also a tendency toward each other. He observed also—that male never halted at male, but kept on a regular pace till he arriv'd at some female, and then of a sudden became stationary.—The female also acted just in the same manner.

At the sight of these things our adventurer cried out *εὕρηκα*, I have found him. This is, I'm certain, *Towdrionello's* meeting cavern, the great founder and encourager of magnetical experiments.

This exclamation somewhat disturb'd the assembly;—but as they were all got *greatly* within the sphere of one another's attraction, they did not much regard him. To be however thoroughly satisfied if he was right in his conjecture, he addressed himself to a middle-aged gentleman, (who had the appearance of a sea captain, and was but just arrived) in these words;——“May a stranger, sir, be indulged with an answer, from your good nature, to a few questions?” The gentleman was just going to make him a reply, when a young lady, who had got within the sphere of his attraction, was tending

tending towards him with the velocity of ———. The gentleman found the equatorial regions affected, and could not help having also a tendency towards the lady: So—at parting—he just vouchsafed to let him know that, at any other time—or in any other place—he should be much at his service, and would indulge his questions as long as he pleased, but that now duty call'd him; so away he sail'd, and (in the sailors' phrase) he and his female were not long before they brought up together. Our genius was not a little mortified at such behaviour as this; but, however, addressed a handsome young fellow next, and urged to him his former request.—— The youngster hoped that he would not take it amiss that he could not at present comply with his desire; because—that, finding himself just upon the motion, he  
must

must needs make the best of his way towards an attracting object, at no great distance off:—So saying—directs his course towards a beautiful young widow.

Worse and worse, thought our adventurer; yet, not at all discouraged, made his next application to a merchant, who gave him no answer at all, but push'd towards the wife of a custom-house officer, and made a seizure of her.——The lady being moved pretty near the same time, they soon came to a balance of accounts. Astonish'd, confounded, &c. at the behaviour of his own sex, he resolv'd to try the females, what he could make of them. He desir'd a fat, hard-favour'd lady (most richly dress'd, and stuck with diamonds, &c.) to solve his doubts; but, instead of a reply, she rubb'd by him so forcibly as almost to overset him, and, Jehu-like, drove on



on to a lusty young fellow, lady what d'ye call 'em's coachman;—and, when arriv'd at a proper distance, she pull'd up.—

'Twas strange! 'twas wond'rous strange indeed! that no reasonable answer (or scarce any answer at all) could be got to the gentleman's reasonable requests!—However, he resolv'd to observe the motions of the company;—and, whilst he was thus employ'd, he spied a young damsel inclining his way; she was not indeed attracted by *him*, (for as yet he had no share of the magnetic quality in him) but by a young man, who unluckily that night was not reciprocally attracted by her, but had (before she arriv'd) come almost to contact with a very pretty nun, who, in disguise, had crept under ground, and was possess'd with the magnetic quality to a most insufferable degree, unknown as yet to the brawny generation  
of

of friars. At the sight of the nun the magnetic quality suffer'd a great check, and she stopt just in the front of Mr. Orator —, and gave him one of the most bewitching looks that ever female bestow'd upon male, he never was more surpriz'd, nor better pleas'd, than at that very moment. Said he to himself, I hope this lady is as affable as beautiful: I shall perhaps now have answers which will satisfy me to the full.——With that he began——“Fair excellence, if any particular attachment does not draw your ladyship to any other part of this enchanted place, will you give me leave to ask your ladyship a few questions?”——To which she mildly replied, “Sir—taken with your most unusual phiz and figure, and perceiving also that you was a stranger here, I could not help regarding you. I make no doubt but you have suffer'd  
some

some inconveniences arising from the religious zeal of our votaries, which causes them, at such times as these, with ardour to respect only one another;—for, as sworn brothers and sworn sisters, they are intitled only to each other's regard.—Now, as your settled, grave, and gentleman-like countenance promised an increase of a worthy member, and also an increase of ———, I could not refrain throwing off that reserve, which ladies of our way of thinking should have towards those who are not of us;—I am therefore come to offer my service to you in any capacity in which you may be pleas'd to command me.”

CHAP.

## C H A P. XV.

SO fair a speech, from so fair a lady,  
banish'd all his chagrin—compos'd  
his ruffled mind in a twinkling.—

“Charming maid, replied our charming  
man, how shall I express my gratitude  
for this unparallel'd kindness?—I am  
unable, from top to toe, to repay it.”—

“O dear sir, said she, you make too great  
a merit of what I have offer'd to you;—  
'tis in my nature to do kind things—to  
grant favours—especially to those of your  
most engaging appearance.—But you  
was mentioning some questions you had  
to ask me, which I suspect are concern-  
ing what you have heard and seen in our  
assembly; I beg therefore, sir, that you  
will use me with the utmost freedom,  
(the

(the freer, I assure you, the better) and you may depend upon my sincere endeavours to ease both your body and mind of any load which may in the least incommode them."——"Madam, quoth he, your goodness emboldens me to speak; and indeed your charms would almost make a dumb man talk: And—believe me, ma'm, you shall find me a man of truth, one that will stand stiff to his text, one that will not give out so long as he can hold up his argument.——To tell your ladyship, therefore, the plain truth, I am a perfect stranger in these subterranean abodes, and *indeed* in the dominions which contain them.——I am a native of a country beyond sea, abounding with sects and opinions—so many—and so absurd—that a wise man cannot—with a safe conscience—join in any of them. I have canvass'd them all, have extracted  
the

the marrow from every one of them, out of which I have compos'd a sect, call'd the *Eolean*, or *Puffing Sect*. But hearing (and also reading) of a magnetic quality introduced, with wonderful success, into a sect in the south part of *France*—by which it was cemented closer than even stone and terrace mortar—I was not easy 'till I came to be instructed in the mysteries of this sect—the founder of which, if I mistake not, is the renown'd *Towdrionello* of *Toulon*.——I could not be easy, I say, for I imagin'd that no society could be fully compleat without this most efficacious magnetic operation.

“I inquir'd in the city for the meeting-house, or tabernacle, of your holder-forth, but without success, and was almost persuaded to give over the search.—When, as I wandered in a wood, (wrapt up in  
thought



thought, so profound as to take away all consideration of my danger from robbers—from beasts of prey—from hunger and thirst—and from many other inconveniences, too tedious to mention to your Ladyship) I was surprized with the sight of a trap-door;—surprized indeed! for I had like to have tumbled into it. I recovered my fright, and advanced to the brink, and found a flight of stone-steps of easy descent.—Curiosity excited, and fear restrained; the first, however, got the better of the latter, and—down I went.”—At these last words, a darkness overspread the charming eyes of the damsel—and down she went, sinking in the arms of Mr. Orator —; but falling with her cheek against his, the warmth thereof soon brought her to herself again—when she faintly uttered these words:—“Dear sir, did you take  
care

care to shut the trap-door after you?"

"Indeed, madam, I did."—"Then I am at ease, added she.—If you had not, our lives and fortunes would have gone to wreck and ruin. What brother—or sister—could have been so careless as to have left it open? If you had not shut it, sir, the reprobates might have soon been upon us, and we been absolutely for ever undone." "What reprobates, quoth he?"—"I'll tell you, says she, when you and I become better acquainted."

Her obliging disposition was now perfectly recovered, and she proceeded:—

"You'll pardon me, good sir, for the perplexity you saw me in at your relation, but I hope no unfortunate accident will interrupt us for the future; you will now have time to finish your narration; for I perceive our holder-forth hath  
ceased

ceased for the present to instruct us, and the whole assembly are admonishing one another by pairs; it will therefore be some time before he resumes his discourse;—by your strict attendance to which, you will be touched with the magnetic quality, just as is a knife by rubbing against a loadstone; after which you and I shall be better qualified for converse.”—— Mr. —— obeyed her ladyship, and went on.

“ I think, Ma’m, I was interrupted by you at the words, *Down I went*;—I’ll therefore begin with them again. So—down I went, and pursued my way for some time, (hands before my face to guard my nose) doubtful where all would end; when, lo, a light, dim indeed—but joyful to me, as a star of the first magnitude to a sailor, for by it I was

H                      directed

directed to this venerable place—and above all—to a sight of your ladyship. Here Miss dropt a curtsy.—Not knowing what sort of people the room contained, I conveyed myself into one of the darkest corners, where I could see and not be seen, and, with great attention, I listened to your speaker; what he uttered was so full of love's comforts, that, were I of the feminine gender, I should have been inclined to have regarded him with a favourable eye.—I observ'd, that at the words, *Increase and multiply* (attended with some vehement motions of the hands, head, and body, together with suitable distortions of the eyes, nose, mouth, &c.) the whole assembly began gently to stir, and advance to each other; and that one in particular (equal to *Venus* herself) drew towards the holder-forth.

These

“ These being ceremonies quite new to me, I was desirous of a little information concerning them ; as also touching the manner of the worship used here : But all the assembly were so engaged about something—I know not what—that I might as well have spoke to so many posts ; and therefore happy I think myself to have met with your ladyship, who is so obliging as to promise me satisfaction in this or any other point. I attend therefore to hear, from your own mouth, an explanation of those things, which to me, at present, seem so mysterious.”

A blush over-spread her beauteous cheeks—and—for the first time—she cast down her eyes ;—for what ?—that she might adjust her tucker. Then lifting them up again, in the style call’d

languishing—she, with a very musical voice and accent, thus began :

“I don’t wonder, sir, at your being much taken with our instructor, for he is certainly a very ravishing man.—He not only speaks words of comfort himself, but his pupils learn to do so too, and in time they are instructed to ravish one another. In short, sir, he is a profound magician, and *Towdrionello* is his name ;--he is wiser--by many bow-shots--than the eastern magi themselves.

“He has found out that, in every male and female, there is much magnetic virtue, and that what we call Love is a forcible exertion of it : That the female carries about her the magnet, and the male bears the needle : That the attraction between them is not--like your common



mon magnet and needle;—that is to say, polar;—no—'tis equatorial;—that is to say again—equidistant from both poles.

“He does not pretend, indeed, to determine the *ratio*, by which two persons attract each other, whether according to the square, or any other distance; but contents himself with observing, (for you must know that his philosophy is chiefly experimental) that when they come within the sphere of attraction, the tendency is as various as the dispositions; some are slow and phlegmatic; some alert; some frolicksome; and others hey-go-mad.

“It differs also from common magnetism, in this respect, *viz.* That whereas the common loadstone and needle proceed always immediately to contact—

these do not ; as you yourself could not help observing in our sisters and brothers, for there was a grand pause.

“ There is another thing too worthy of notice, *i. e.* in day-light, candle-light, or any other light—if any one sees the least, the magnet and needle will not proceed to contact—but, in the dark, the virtue is most prodigious.

“ Now, as the doctrine of love, delivered by our leader, is nothing else but the exertion of the magnetic virtue residing in the males and females, and as we are bound to practise whatever he delivers—you might take notice—that at some particular signs, which followed the conjuration of his words, the quality began to work incessantly, and each individual to tend with its equator

to-

towards the equator of some other individual, but could not—(upon account of the lights, though they were but the splendour of farthing candles) proceed to contact.

“Have patience then—and at the next cabalistical words the lights will be extinguished, and each member will answer the intention of our holy man.—You can indeed have no ocular, but you may feel about for a demonstration if you please.—In a reasonable time the experiments will be over—and the harangue (at the renewal of the lights) will begin again, at which time I shall leave you for a few moments, and step to inform the orator with your eager desire of conversion, who (by a particular application of his discourse to you) will furnish both your outward and inward man with no small

small portion of ardour and fervency in our way :—You will then be upon a footing with myself ;—and so, at the next extinction of lights, I shall be able to shew you a little of the practical part of our religion.—I assure you, sir, that nothing on my side shall be wanting to enforce the doctrine delivered by that most wonderful man.”

She finished her reply, and gave so satisfactory an account of their doctrine, and so ravishing a description of their practice, that, after he was touched with the virtue of magnetism by the speaker, he longed to see some kind hand put out the lights.—He had his wish not long after ; for the magician himself (first turning up the whites of his eyes, and muttering some words) performed the office of extinguisher of his two lights,  
and

and made signs to put out the third.— Then (had you been an owl, a cat, or a bat) you might have seen the force of magnetism work in great perfection.

As for our adventurer—the practical part of magnetism gave him so much glee—and had so great effect upon his animal spirits—that it put him into the grand flutter, and caused him, much against his inclination, to awake—softly pronouncing these words;——“ Most charming and most *ravishing* young lady.”

#### C H A P. XVI.

**M**R. — being now broad awake, reflects with pleasure upon his dream, and says thus to himself—This must certainly be a true representation of what

what is practis'd in that happy subterranean society; I am certainly beholden to some kind ærial being (of which there are many hovering about to serve such good men as myself) for this great discovery. I once thought of taking a voyage, but now am well satisfied without it;—my dream shall serve instead thereof—and I shall not be the first man who hath possess'd people's heads with his dreams.—But why do I say a dream—'tis more than a dream—'tis a revelation—I'll stand to it—nay, I'll swear it, if there's occasion; and I think I know the marks of a revelation better than any man living.

Our charming soul from that time join'd magnetism with his *Eolean* tenets, and has compos'd a system as far above all others, as *St. Paul's* steeple is higher than my neighbour *Dawson's* pigstye;—  
and



and *now* we are happily push'd on by *Eolistical* blasts and magnetical pulls, in a compound *ratio*.—He first blows us up to a wonderful degree of perfection, and then finishes all by the magnetic touch, and we are impower'd to become as loving as we please.—His, in short, are such engaging doctrines, that 'tis very strange all the world don't embrace them.

The *Martinists* alledge all this is sin—why, so it would be to them, for they are such a set of people that they can't help sinning every hour of the day:—But we (sticking close to our orator) are by him—in spite of our teeth—made such good folks, that, let us do what we will, we shall have no occasion afterwards to repent of it.—Repentance only suits our crack-brain'd adversaries; therefore *vive l'orateur*—for he is such a jewel as  
never

never liv'd upon earth; whatever he advises is sure to be right, however contradictory it may seem to our ancestor's will.—I shall give you a few instances thereof.—He is most assuredly in the right, when he advises even the poorest of the poor to give all their poor stock to the poor, *i. e.* to his poor self;—for who can have a better right to it than he, poor man, for all the pains which he takes, for he travels—both asleep and awake—into foreign countries, for the benefit of mankind.—He is moreover sure (as sure as can be) that he is one of those people who are pointed at by the will for a worthy person; because, saith he, I am persecuted by those rogues the *Peterists*, *Martinists*, and *Jack's* men.—He is a wonderful man, and can do or say any thing with a safe conscience;—can call hard names, without incurring the

the danger of being placed amongst the number of those who use the paw words of *Raca*, or *thou fool*. He has a licence, I say, to abuse all your *Martinist* holders-forth, and can empower all his followers to do the same, and yet—they shall commit no manner of evil by so doing:—But, on the contrary, should our adversaries abuse our holy men—it would be unpardonable in them—they would surely be d—n'd for it—because they have little or no share of belief to support them in any such practice.

We *Eoleans*, therefore, have all of us liberty to rail—1<sup>st</sup>, Because it is a good thing to do so—for it shews zeal.—And, 2<sup>dly</sup>, It is political—being a most effectual way to keep our converts staunch to us—for they still retain and love the exercise of railing, notwithstanding the  
great

great degree of perfection to which they have arrived; and the women especially are safe by these means.—This then is no sin in us perfectionists;—and indeed whatever is useful to our society, (though the will stares it ever so in the face) is both good and holy.

Mr. ——— is also to be valued and esteem'd by all reasonable folks—because he is no hireling.—Indeed, I must own he often makes use of the words of the will, *The labourer is worthy of his hire*;—but that signifies nothing.—At first sight, indeed, he seems to be hir'd—*i. e.* for a penny a-week, paid to him even by the poorest; which (to a profane person, who knows nothing of our ways) may seem a bargain, a hireling bargain:—But any one of our sect can easily discover that there is nothing at all like it;  
for

for he that is to pay is under no manner of restriction, for he may (if he pleases) give more, though he is not allowed to pay less; he may give two pence instead of one penny—and there's no one, that I know of, will hinder him.—

You see then the difference between ours and the profane holders-forth. *Their stipends* are fix'd, they have what they call endowments, and are therefore hirelings, *i. e.* are hir'd for so much *per annum*. Ours, indeed, have a rate *per week*, and therefore, at the first sight, seem so too: But 'tis all for want of knowing better, for 'tis as plain as can be, that, as our orators endeavour to squeeze as much as they can from their hearers, (over and above the contract) the bargain is, *ipso facto*, void, and consequently they can't be accounted hirelings. And as the auditors are free to give above the stipulation

as

as much as they please, but nothing less, Mr. ——— is also free (and I hope will always be ready) with both hands to take it, and not inquire from whence it comes, whether out of a bureau, cabinet, or a husband's breeches pocket (when asleep).

N. B. All this can be done by us, (*salva conscientia*) and that's more than any of the *Martinists*' crew can pretend to.——The profane don't scruple to call this downright roguery; but those who are arriv'd at perfection easily find it out to be only saving knowledge.

Many are the things which the profane lay to the charge of our holy men; but they are all the effect of envy only, at the happy state they have brought both themselves and their followers to.

Amongst



Amongst the rest, they alledge that our holders-forth take the bread out of those very mouths, which the *Martinists* kindly and charitably endeavour to fill; for, out of those very alms, they are so cruel as to receive weekly payments for hearing their discourses.—This, I think, is soon answer'd:—Is not money given them to lay out; and pray—what more proper person or persons in the kingdom can be found out, with whom they can lay it out better than with Mr. — and his most worthy followers? Does not he give them abundance of wind and credulity for it? and—if they must needs eat and drink, will not that same credulity (if it be strong enough) bring in provisions as well without money as with?

If the matter be so then—as undoubtedly it is, because we have it from the

I

dear

dear man's own mouth—what reason can there be for complaint? But foolish and desperate people will be always grumbling; and indeed no one can be safe from their evil tongues. They fancy also that they hurt us much, when they ridicule our confession of our sins to our teachers, and say, That in *this* we entertain a favourite doctrine of the *Peterists*, against which *they* and their *forefathers* have and ought to protest.

Now I affirm, that in this assertion of theirs, they declare, That they have protested against one of the best things, one of the finest establishments, in all Christendom.

As a shepherd, by his crook, has his sheep within his reach, and he can pull them to this side, thrust them from him,

or

or bring them back ; so by the dint of confession, Mr. — has his followers under his thumb ; and where, I pray you, can they be safer ?

This method serves many useful purposes, especially—amongst the female part of the hearers, who have always had a particular desire to be unburdened of *what* is most troublesome to them ; and happy is it for them, that he encourages them boldly to utter their complaints.

#### C H A P. XVII.

**I** Mentioned, in the last chapter, that Mr. — was persuaded his dream was a revelation ;—in consequence of which, he did not barely incorporate magnetism with his *Eolean* scheme, but

made it a very considerable part of it—  
it is *generally* the finishing stroke.

This new touch so affected the *Martinists*, (who were *before* sufficiently displeased with his *Eolean* scheme) that they refused to let this angel of a man speak any longer out of their temple oratorical machines, tho' he had as good a commission for so doing as any of them; so—poor soul, he was obliged to edify mankind altogether *sub Dio*, upon commons, under hedges--in church-yards--the steps of market-crosses—or from shop-windows—was put to such shifts, as many a pious man had been before him.

'Twas at his departure from the *Martinists* then, that the goodness of his disposition and morals shone forth, by an immense collection made for erecting an orphan

orphan hospital in a country call'd G——, many miles distance from hence, the erection of which was some-how—(he could not pretend to say) prevented.—However, he gave a most conscientious account of the money to ——; some people say, to nobody; but I don't believe that altogether; however—if he gives the account at the last day, it is enough; for he has no occasion to render it to reprobates in this world.

## C H A P. XVIII.

**A**ND now, reader, you perhaps may be a little surprized, that I have so seldom made use of the word *Turnpike*, especially as I proposed, by the title, to shew the turnpike-road to the Land of Bliss:—But don't be angry, and then I'll

tell you—that I have been all this while doing something towards it ; I have been speaking of him who was the projector, and who is actually the turnpike-man, or, when he holds forth, appoints a deputy to receive toll from the rich and poor, from blind and lame ; in short, from all sorts, and from all sizes. But to come more to the purpose : Mr. —, I say, has been at a very great expence in journies, dreams, revelations, and reveries, to enlarge the road, and widen the strait gate which leads to bliss : Who then can have a better right to the profits arising therefrom than he ? and *indeed*—(right glad am I to say it) no projector of a turnpike in any part of *Europe* has had *more* success, and no one could deserve his money the twenty thousandth part so well as himself.

The



The road was formerly (besides the inconvenience of its narrowness) filled with nothing but thorns, briars, and rugged rocks—even the excellent author of the will (if you'll believe what the foolish *Martinists* say) was obliged to struggle with these for want of a better road; and hath left it in charge to all his followers—that they, at all times, exert their might to break through those difficulties, notwithstanding they are sure to come off with rents in their cloaths, and scratches in their bodies.

These gentry add, moreover—that by the thorns and briars, &c. was meant a life of virtue and sound morality, laid down in his writings—as *difficult* to attain, by meer human nature and human means, as to break through the aforementioned impediments.

But

But dear Mr. ——— knows better things than all these.—He allows indeed that the author of the will himself, somehow or other, skipp'd over these difficulties ;—but he denies that he ever intended that his scholars should go thro' such bad roads, if a projector could be had at any rate to make 'em better.

This projector hath, at last, made his wonderful appearance in the world, and is no less a man than the redoubtable Mr. ——— who hath, with unparallel'd sagacity, found out—that mankind has all along labour'd under hardships too great to be borne. In short and in long, that every thing has gone quite wrong ; out of mere compassion, therefore, he hath so enlarged the gate, and widened the road ;—that whereas but one man before could squeeze thro' the gate and pass

pass on the road, now fifty millions may go a-breast.

For the further convenience also of his adherents, he hath stubb'd up all the thorns and briars, and levell'd the craggy parts—so that now his followers may trip away upon ground, little (if at all) inferior to the best bowling-green in Christendom.—Nay more—he has fill'd up those huge gaping abysses on each side of the road, which served only to terrify travellers almost out of their wits: And, by these his painful endeavours, we—his dear children—can now travel on without either fear or wit.

The *Martinists* pretend that they have faith for their north star, and a virtuous life, or doing their master's will, for their compass; which last (in cloudy weather especially,

especially) prevents them from deviating into another and wide road, that leads to unhappiness and destruction.—But this, says our enlighten'd orator, is all folly and nonsense. He grants them their north star, and that they have it in common with us—but yet not a thousandth part so bright as we: But then he insists that 'tis an idle affair to talk of a compass, or be in fear of falling into the other road for want of it. He is therefore resolv'd to allow us none, but has provided us with glasses of his own construction, in which (turn as we please) we can always see the north star by reflection.—Now, as the road is so wide, we are under no manner of concern towards which point of the compass we steer, for it will bring us home at the last, if we do not lose sight of the star in our looking-glasses:—For as a man may steer East, you know,

know, and yet go to the *West-Indies*, so we can play that and twenty other tricks in our road to blifs: And, if you'll observe us well, you'll find us making for all the two-and-thirty points in the heavens; and yet, notwithstanding, we are sure to be right, for *Eolus* is our guide.—Instead of the old-fashion'd compasses then, exploded by our most knowing philosopher, we have plenty of persuasion blown into us—so that we find no want of them at all.

After we are got safe through his turnpike, he puts two of us back to back, and yet assures us, upon the word of an honest man, that, if we keep our faces directly as he hath set them, we are both of us going one and the self-same way, and that we are making towards the same point of the compass.

This

This is all very unintelligible to a stupid *Martinist*: But we, thank heaven, see with other eyes, *i. e.* with good glasses prepared by our sage optician.

Some people will have it to be a mere humbug; and not a few silly mortals have shewn, by their behaviour, that they really thought it so: For, after a time spent in travelling upon our new road, they have pretended to have found out by the will, (a copy of which they always have ready) that it is no better than an imposition;—accordingly have desir'd to return through our turnpike, and have taken a narrow foot tract—rugged and dangerous—which lies on the other side of the hedge. But, my *brethren*, don't let these idle suggestions move you at all; for so *sure* is our charmer that he is in the right—so certain that all other  
sects



fects are in the wrong way—that he has taken a licence from—blefs me—I have forgot his name—to d-mn all thofe who return thro' his turnpike—and to curfe all thofe who will not pafs into it at all.

The reprobates alledge that this manner of going on is a great fin. Yes—fo it would be to them—who have no faith; but to us, who are all over fo, 'tis not;—for our licence for *acting* is from the 133d region above——far above *Paul's* cut, for he never reach'd higher than the third.

Our renown'd projector enjoy'd, for fome time, the fole profits of this turnpike;—to make which the more pleafing to the travellers, he perfuaded them to raife a fum to build a houfe, call'd a tabernacle, to hold forth in;—for, in  
frofty

frosty or rainy weather, he could not say that he relish'd preaching upon commons, &c. vastly well.—In this house, he told them, he intended to harangue them with such discourses as he knew would greatly please them: He would scratch, in a most pleasing manner, every itching ear.—Indeed the comforts derived from his words cannot be better express'd than by scratching where it itches;—for, if we may believe King *Jemmy*, (who was a man of great penetration) he gives it as his opinion, that scratching is so pleasant a thing, that it is too much for any subject to be allow'd so much as to scratch at all. How happy are we then to be scratch'd, and also have our fancies tickled in the best manner.

In the next place, he intended it to be a house of Love, (for he had not, you must

must know, dream'd of *France* for nothing) where the travellers might express their affections for one another in the *closest* manner.—As love is certainly a very desirable thing, I make no wonder that so many well-disposed people press'd through his turnpike.

The road *thus* commodiously fitted up, he soon had a brave trade. The way was as plain as the nose upon any man's face, and as agreeable as heart could desire. And—as I hinted in the title, travellers went so much upon the nail, that in one day they could go further than in any *Martinist's* narrow tract in forty years: For—how should they pretend to get on who are continually thrusting their noses into briars and bushes, and if they can't brush thro'—must be pulled back by the heels, and have to begin again?

Now,

Now, this delightful, this level way, one would imagine no person could dislike, who had spent any time in it;—but there always will be found people to find fault, even where no fault is to be found. This was the case with one *John W—*, *John I—*, and one —, *fellows*, who were instructed by Mr. — himself in the art of turnpiking. He gave them leave to hold forth upon his own turnpike, and allowed 'em no small share of the profits, so long as they were observant of his laws.

These men (to their shame be it spoken) began to wax wanton, and most ungratefully to find many faults with his road. One of them advanced that it did not lead to bliss in a streight line enough; and therefore it was necessary that an alteration should be made. What does he do  
then—

then—but *heretically* and *schismatically* strikes out a bye-road, and sets up a turnpike for himself;—makes proclamation, That *bis* was the safer and the more *direct* way than Mr. ——'s; he threatens also, that those who would not immediately leave the other tract, and come into his, should be d—n'd; and thus he drew away many customers from dear Mr. Orator ——.

The other gentleman owned, that Mr. ——'s road was very well in the main; but that some parts thereof were sadly left in holes and deep mire, especially—the further you advanced toward the Land of Bliss;—that these places ought to be mended; and that he knew no person so proper to undertake the jobb as himself. He set about it therefore, and—as he thinks—has complete-

K

ly

ly finished it; and, to reimburse himself the expences, has gone far beyond the other projector—for he has set up his turnpike-gate in Mr. ——'s very road itself;—he has so intirely block'd it up, that unless the travellers will pay a fresh toll, 'tis impossible they can pursue their journey at all.—The consequence of all this was—that our orator very *conscientiously* called them Fools, and they, in return, very *profanely* termed him a Knave.

Besides these--there started up another pickle gentleman, from a mad and obstinate queen's dominions, who said that he was a count; but many people suspected him to be only some roguish *Peterist* in disguise. This man *too* struck out a new road to the left, a little after you get through the orator's gate; and Mr. —— also d—n'd him heartily for his trouble,



trouble, and *indeed* he richly deserved it.

The *Martinists* (who fancy themselves dabs at comparisons) will have it, that of these four gentry there is hang choice, for they drive the damn about like a shuttle-cock; but in *this* I must beg their pardon, for there is an infinite difference between them. — Our dear instructor d—ms with a much better grace than all the rest. I must needs say one thing in praise of them all four, and that is—the union which subsists amongst them upon a pinch; for, notwithstanding their frequent d—n—g conflicts, when there is a necessity of railing against, or opposing, those profane creatures called *Martinists*, they all become as loving as the monsters in the *Tempest*; after *which*—they become again like dog and cat, and

no name is too hard for another.—This is, in my opinion, one strong argument for the perfection of our orator, and of us his followers.

The roads being every one of them finished, puffs were sent out on all sides to invite customers; but what are *theirs* to the enlivening ones of our good man? Theirs are no better than doctor *T-y--r's*; yet, like his, they take with many of the unwary. They would have you believe that theirs is the way, impossible to be missed—clear of thorns and briars—and, by the dint of assurance alone, (there being not a word of truth in it) they have gain'd a great share of passengers, and have got sums of money, which should have fallen to the lot of our *poor* and dear Mr. —. He has some thoughts of proceeding in chancery against *I—m*,  
especially

especially for setting up a turnpike in his road.

Notwithstanding the disputes amongst them, I am pleased that they all agree in this, that our sins don't prevent (as the profane would have it) our progress, but rather are a furtherance to it in the race which is set before us;—and more *especially* when we are got fairly through our leader's turnpike, they are the fairest blasts we have to drive us forward, even into the presence of him who (saith the will) hateth iniquity.

What a charming banner is this then to lift under, when a man can sin at pleasure, and have no need to repent?—Repentance is a task only for *Peterists*, *Martinists*, and *Jack's* men; ours have no occasion for it. Repentance implies that

K 3

they

they have done amiss;—and they may well do so, so long as they don't belong to us: But after they have passed our orator's gate, and have his mark set upon their backs, they cannot, all their life after, do amiss, and consequently have no need to repent.

That *Martinist* trick of inducing the servants to mind their masters' business, is now also happily exploded by our pious leader.—In our large road, to the comfort be it spoke—(especially those who hate work) that labour is now all at an end; nay, 'tis dangerous for any one to improve his talent, for our teacher says positively that he'll be d-mn'd for so doing. Come to us then, ye men of all persuasions, and see, and feel what lucky rogues we be! we *Eolists*—*Magnetists*—or whatever else you please to call us—

we

we come at future bliss so smoothly, and with so little care, that you will be both surprized and pleased; and as to the present Time, we are under no great concern about that, for we can have cloth to make coats, &c.—hats, shirts, shoes, and stockings;—corn to make bread and puddings; beef, mutton, and all other necessaries, jump into our houses, without doing one single hand's turn to procure them. The profane laugh at all this, and say 'tis very fine, and alledge—that if *they* were to work as little as we *Eolists* do, what would become of their coats, waistcoats, breeches, hats, &c.—would they not become a little scarceish? They need not *suspect* so;—for I'm sure it would *be so*—and the reason is this—because they want faith to be their provider, and also to bring them home for them.

Don't

Don't be discouraged then, my brethren, from going as oft, and when you please, to hear holdings-forth, under a notion that your business will suffer; for there can no such thing happen unto you. I shall only instance in the cloth manufactory.—When all the machinery is in readiness to work; suppose of a sudden that all the work-men, to a man, go a lecture-hunting, if they had in them but the hundredth part of belief which our orator hath, they would never want coats, &c. For at their return from a long tramp after a teacher, they would find that, in their absence, the machinery had set itself to work, and had produced the L—d knows how many yards, both of broad-cloth and plains.—These are blessings which we people in the right way are sure of receiving: But should a *Martinist* venture to do all this—(I can't help



help laughing at the thought) should he leave his affairs at (what people call) fixes and sevens; why—he would be sure to pay dear for it; he would, like a fool, be presently reduced to his birth-day suit, or a stone-doublet, for not minding his business better.

By this time I *hope* you see the infinite difference there is between us gentlemen of the broad, and those of the narrow road.—How swimmingly do we go on, without aching bones, have every thing provided for us!—and how they tug and lug, and oftentimes to little purpose. Surely the whole world, *Hottentots* and all, will, e'er long, see as plainly as we do: But these *Martinists* are a stubborn race to deal with; and, instead of pricking their ears and listening to us, they are perpetually plaguing us with  
their

their *ifs* and *ands*, with sayings out of the will, which they understand no more than a coach-horse. They bring a passage out of it in vindication of their doing, or rather trifling with, what they had better let alone. The sentence is—*Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, is like unto a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock; and when the floods arose, the streams beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it, for it was founded upon a rock.*

Now, Mr. ———d knows very well that the word——*doeth*——is a mistake, some *how* or other crept into the text, by the carelessness of some transcriber, or perhaps it may be foisted in by some evil-minded person;—or, if it *was* in the original, (which he much doubts) he is pretty

pretty sure that the word—*not*—immediately after it—is absolutely necessary to make up sense of the passage:—*Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not*—is therefore the true *Eolean* reading;—whosoever therefore doeth according to what he hears out of a *Martinist's* machine, spoils all, and can never withstand the floods when they arise; for as all his doings are no better than maimed or worm-eaten things, they are very improper to keep water out. Our doctor is then of opinion, that the *rock* and *sand* should change places, in order to make the sentence intelligible.

What a treasure now of knowledge a man must have; what a head, to interpret things in this extraordinary manner! If you are pleased with this, I'll give you another touch of his surprizing genius.

The

The author of the will says, or seems to say, (but that depends upon the orator to determine) *That a good man, out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth good things.*—But our doctor (who is the most profound commentator and critic in the world) soon found out this to be also a false reading; and that the passage has suffered through some bad copyist; that it should have run thus:—*A good man, out of the good treasure of his heart, may bring forth just what he pleases:* For, says he,—I *positively* declare—and I don't care who hears me—*That a good tree is not known by its fruits;* and that constantly doing evil, in an *Eolean*, is no more the sign of a wicked heart, than acting what is good, is a sign of a pure heart in a *Martinist*.

Most

Most wonderful man! most surprizing discoveries! is not this marching to blifs upon velvet? We have now reason to believe that the expreffions—*Strive to enter in at the strait gate—Ask and ye shall receive—Seek and ye shall find—Knock and it shall be opened unto you*—are likewise not original, but have some-how stole into the text; but suppose they stood there from the beginning, they are of little use to us now; and since our orator has made his appearance, 'tis high time to lay them aside: For, if we consider them in our present circumstances, they seem to have no meaning at all; as, in the first place, *Strive*;—strive for what? Striving implies difficulty; and our friend came on purpose to remove all difficulties; what striving can there be occasion for now, when millions of us can enter through the new gate, side by side, hop-stride-and-jump,

jump, with our hands swinging at full stretch, and never so much as touch one another.

Seek also—what must we seek for?—Our charming *Eolean* magnetic gentleman has found out for us all what we wish or want; what can we have more? He has given us plenty of indolence, which is a thing very desirable to every reasonable creature, and distinguishes us from asses who carry pots; and moreover we have our bellies full of love whenever we have a fancy for it.

In the name of wonder too, what must we *ask* for? A power to do any thing that is good. No—our orator bars that—as being out of our charter, because—’twould make us proud of our doings, and of ourselves also.

Must



Must we then petition for a power to do evil? No—there's no occasion to do that neither, we are apt scholars enough of ourselves : But, however, this comfort we have, that the greater share of bad tricks we possess, and have consequently to rub off, our dear man declares it will be so much the better for us at the end.

*Knocking* is likewise much out of the question ; for our director has set the gate quite open, and prop'd it with good flesh and blood, and attends himself, or by his deputies, to lighten us of all we have, if we have but the grace to give it him ;—besides—'tis impossible to knock now, for he hath, long ago, taken off the rapper.

If we have any brains in us, therefore, we may now think ourselves happy, having

ving nothing to *strive* for, to *ask* for, to *seek* or to *knock* for, but a vast share of credulity in what our orator says.—When we arrive at his turnpike, he lets us through with an ogle of approbation, gives each a chalk upon the back—and we become his sheep, and are safe from profane wolves of every denomination.

All our journey then we have nothing to do, but to walk on with our hands in our pockets, and call at the next meeting-house, or tabernacle, in the road, to hear lectures upon idleness—want of natural affection to our wives, children, and other relations, and also upon the magnetical manner of making love:—To get ourselves (like the air-gun) well charged with wind—to last us long—to shoot off by small portions:—To have it assured us, upon the *bona fide* of our holders-

holders-forth, that fornicators, adulterers, and effeminate, can *now* enter into a state of blifs; together with thieves, drunkards, and extortioners; that these are *indeed* the properest people to be transplanted thither, and that the road was both widened and made good, chiefly for their use.

Let us now then consider their cases :  
 The adulterer, whose eyes are continually full of adultery, is come (smoking hot) from his neighbour's wife, and intends to go again the very first opportunity, if he has got but our leader's chalk upon his back—has passed his turnpike, is as free of that crime as a hermit in a desert :  
 The fornicator too, is a person who shews great love; and—as love is the fulfilling of the law, our good man can demonstrate that *he* fulfills it best who

L

shews

Thews the most love:—The effeminate  
 are also his friends, because they resemble  
 his friends the females:—As to the  
 abusers of themselves with mankind, we  
 hear nothing of that sort mentioned in  
 the tabernacle, *because* the profane (I  
 won't say how justly) have made that  
 kind of work a hanging matter:—But  
 thieves are welcome to pass; and, because  
 the gate is now so wide—they have no  
 occasion to steal a passage through:—  
 Drunkards also, (to their great comfort)  
 when they can scarce hear or see—may  
*now* reel thro', without being in danger  
 of so much as touching the side-posts:—  
 Extortioners too, though they fleece all  
 around them—yet if they but *conscienti-*  
*ously* drop enough of their wooll at the  
 porter's feet, may dance through to any  
 tune of their own making:—The pro-  
 fane wicket indeed is so narrow, that one  
 man

man can scarce squeeze thro'; but ours (thanks to the ever-renown'd Mr. —) is so large, that one may drive any number of either light or loaded mules through.

### C H A P. XIX.

**A**FTER all this pains and trouble in dear Mr. —, to shew the best, and indeed the only true, way to bless, what obstinacy is it in people, especially A—ps, B—ps, D—ns, Archd—ns, P—fts, and D—ns, to lug and tug at a gate no bigger than a loop-hole, and weary their poor shoulders, arms, and feet, with shoving, thrusting, and setting to get thro', when they may pass the orator's hiatus minuet step. It surprizes me very much that Mr. *Foote* (mark'd by our leader

himself to have qualifications fit to become one of his disciples) should stupidly remain in that antient road which leads to Old N—k. That *antient one*, I say—which the profane would make you believe joins ours, like one river falling into another, and both run together into his dominions. This is a great falsity, and invented by that part of the profane call'd *Church of E——d people*, to whom we bear not much resemblance, except in some practices, which are call'd by them *bad ones*; but for which no one, who is a staunch *Eolift*, can ever go to be a subject of the aforefaid gentleman.—— Notice is therefore given—Come unto Mr. —, all ye that are laden with bad tricks, and he'll ease you; and you may at the same time, if you please, have more weight laid upon you, and yet become lighter. It is out of the common road  
indeed



indeed, yet nevertheless 'tis true, that the more weight of sin you bear, the lighter you'll move for it.

I'm really of opinion that our instructor far exceeds even the *R-chm--d* philosopher in his observations upon Sir *Isaac Newton's* philosophy; for he has made it appear (at least to himself and his adherents) that to do a man's pleasure *sincerely*, is not to do it at all: That, to purge yourself of your iniquity to some purpose, is not to trouble your head at all about the matter: That, to be presented spotless, is to appear as full of stains as possible. These are truths brought (most happily) to light by our most useful and instructive leader.

In this respect his sensible scheme differs very much from the *Martinists*; that

whereas they require their followers to grunt and groan, and bewail their iniquities, every time they commit them; once is sufficient for us, if it be done so *heartily* at the tabernacle as to produce fits; then it is that we are eased of our burdens, past—present—and to come—and the manner of the change is oftentimes visible to the bystanders, in our heartily besh—g and bep—ff—g ourselves.

After a proper time spent in shouting, roaring, screwing, and twisting ourselves to every part of the compass, filling our breeches or petticoats with the signs of our becoming new (the profane say nasty) creatures, we recover, and are look'd upon as true blue;—and tho', ever after, we are over head and ears in dirt, it is impossible we should receive any more stains or greasy spots.—Sorrowing for  
every

every fault is like taking phyfic for every little ailment, and this only spoils the constitution.—Mr. ——'s single dose sets all to rights, and the patient ever after bowls away, in his wordly and other affairs, as nicely as in a post-chaise and four; he can no more be sorry for faults, because he can no more be faulty. If he lies with his neighbour's wife—*especially* if she be one of the profane—'tis no adultery in him, tho' 'tis to her; let her look to that;—and if he lies with an *Eoliff*, it is adultery in neither of them.—If a *Church-of-E——d-man* speaks evil of his neighbour behind his back, 'tis back-biting; if an *Eolean* gives himself that liberty with a profane person, his words are the words of truth and soberness.

I may have seem'd, gentle readers, a little too prolix in shewing you the way  
to

to blifs;—but it is indeed a wonderful—rich—and fruitful fubject, and I was not willing to leave either mafters or miftrefes, fervants, or any others, an excufe for not inliftng into our invincible regiment.

The world (it grieves me when I think on't) is very obftinate to ftand out againft fuch a bonfire of light, to mifs fuch a fine opportunity of indulging their hearts to the full, and of being not a doitt the worfe for it. Don't therefore, upon account of the will, boggle at doing what you like.—If your genius leads you to be unmerciful, (efpecially towards the *Martinifts*) you need not balk yourfelves, for you fhall, notwithstanding, have the reward due to the merciful.—Never be afraid then, my brethren, to fow contentions amongft the profane, for it will  
not

not at all prevent your enjoying, some time or other, the blessing which is due to peace-makers.

There was one thing that puzzled me not a little, when I was about to enlist into Mr. ——'s corps. It was the expression in the will, *That he who provides not for his family is worse than an infidel*: But, by the help of the dear man, I soon got over the difficulty: And indeed, at the time when this was said, there were no such tabernacles to run to, or any such orators to listen to, as we have at this time a-day; not to mention that our leader's infallibility reverses *this*, and every other aukward decree in the will. And therefore, by his new dispensation, it is now lawful to leave wives and children, nephews and nieces, men servants and maid servants, oxen, asses, &c. without

out ever a bit of victuals, if you are only *thoroughly* persuaded in your hearts that they will receive plenty, by some means or other, before you get back.—But, whatever happens, the pleasant business of the tabernacle must be minded before any other whatever;—and—if there be but a single penny in the house, it must and ought to go to pay the weekly score. If your wife should at any time have made an unreasonable use of her tongue in lecturing you; an immoderate use of her — in — ; or, in short, if you don't like her ways in any respect, leave her no money in the house, and go a lecturing, you do no harm, so long as you are upon this and no other business; only *believe*, and there's no danger of her wanting.—Then steal home some day or other, and see what's done for your yoke mate and family, it is a hundred to one but you'll



you'll see either a good leg of mutton and turnips, or a plumb pudding, more than sufficient to dine half a dozen hungry people. Let then your sons of care torment and tease themselves, we are happily rid of these things; for money—that root of all evil—that source of so many disasters—is the least of our thoughts, only indeed for the sake of our dear orator.—As for the rest—our fraternity can walk through a market, well stock'd with butcher's meat, without a farthing in their pockets to buy a single morsel, with the greatest composure and unconcern imaginable, for our wonderful belief can at any time cause a joint or two to dance home after us.

Now, the *Martinists* are continually raising doubts and scruples concerning the truth of these things; but I hope the  
time

time is not far off, when they will cease to tire us with their folly.---At present they persist in asking us, If all this good cheer is to be had by the help of *belief* only? *Crede quod habes et habes*. What then has your holder-forth to do with so much *cash*, for he possesses guineas, shillings, sixpences, halfpence, and farthings without end, and yet has no occasion for them?---The answer is, The *cash* is not for himself, but for such poor souls who have not, as *yet*, the right knack of *believing*, and are therefore in danger of going without a dinner;—or—it is intended to build hospitals and tabernacles some time or other. If all the poor had the true knack of believing—to be sure there would be no occasion for money—but, alas! all are not arriv'd at perfection. A right thorough-paced *Eoliff*, however, can command all sublunary things without

out money. —For instance—if he wants either coat, waistcoat, or breeches, a little invisible taylor will forthwith bring him them; a shoemaker will leave at his house a pair of shoes; and, when he goes to the tabernacle, a cook is whisper'd by some spirit in the air, to supply him with half a dozen jellies before he sets off, and will carry them home to his family to make out their dinners.

## C H A P. XX.

**I** Told you (not a great while ago, my friends) that I was afraid you would think me tedious in shewing you the way to bliss, and therefore I had some thoughts of lapping up;—but I consider'd that the world could never have enough of a right good thing, and also I was of opinion that my book was not  
as

as yet swelled to the size of a tolerable volume ; I was therefore resolved to go on, tho' (like our orator) I was obliged to say the same thing over and over again. I could indeed have concluded long before this, if I had left a good thumb's breadth between line and line at the beginning of every fresh sentence :—But I would not take in my friends at such a rate, for I really think they have an undoubted right to have good measure and good weight too, of lines, words, and syllables, for their money.

## C H A P. XXI.

**A**N D now—that you mayn't think the time long—I'll tell you a tale—for I have never told you one yet;—'twas only a dream. The story is, how I came

to

to be of the *Eolean*, or magnetic cast.—  
 My hand being in, I shall give you a tale  
 or two more, and then shall not be a great  
 way off the conclusion.—'Till the happy  
 time of my conversion I was a staunch  
*Martinist*, and one of the kind call'd fun-  
 ny. I gave myself great liberties with  
*Peterists*, *Jack's* men, and our own happy  
 fraternity (God forgive me). I had se-  
 veral relations and acquaintance who  
 were in the happy way, and some were  
 arrived—(as they told me)—at a state of  
 perfection. This term always diverted  
 me much, for I *constantly* own'd myself to  
 be a miserable sinner.

Disputes we often had, and I was ge-  
 nerally too hard for my antagonists.—  
 They despair'd of converting me them-  
 selves, but said, if I would venture to the  
 tabernacle, they did not doubt but their  
 en-

enlighten'd orator would do the job for me. I went one day—out of part curiosity—part fun—and pass'd the turnpike; for, said I within myself, I can soon repass it, after hearing a little of their inconsistent stuff. We arriv'd at the tabernacle, and I fix'd my eyes upon the holder-forth—the most graceful—the most languishing-look'd gentleman that mine eyes ever beheld. I saw and heard the orator of orators (in a most easy, familiar, or rather vulgar stile) haranguing a mix'd multitude, who (with prick'd ears and wide mouths) took in the overflowings of his zeal. I perceived the audience (especially the females) swell in a wonderful manner, and myself also to be puff'd up with the rest. I was much moved also with the magnetic quality, which, by the pronunciation of certain words, he plentifully emitted all around him; and,  
 squint-



squinting out at the eye end, I found many females to be very much on the nestle. This was no unpleasant perception to me.—Ruminating on my situation, I was on a sudden alarm'd with (what I at that time called) a hideous scream; but now have soften'd into a pleasing harmonious warning of a sudden and happy change. At first I thought of nothing less than fire or murder, or that their deity *Eolus* had blown part of the house down—there was such a hideous noise.—Making towards one of the doors, I espied an object screaming, as for a wager—her eyes were turn'd into her head, and I was told that they were engaged with her inward man. Her mouth was far advanced towards one of her ears; and she seem'd to me to have got so large a portion of the blast, that she was just ready to burst.—I thought the D——I

M

was

was in her, or that she had got the dry gripes;—but was told by a woman (who look'd like a whore) that she was got with child by what the teacher had said to her, and would, e'er long, bring forth. Some said one thing, some said another, for the multitude was divided.—At last—down comes the orator, and, looking mildly upon her, says—What hath happened unto her is for her good;—if the D——l is in her, it is so too—for he and I, in things of this nature, always act in conjunction, and produce one and the same effect.

The patient laid, for some time, in one of the most indecent postures I ever saw; but no one was suffer'd to touch her, for fear of spoiling the operation.—Having, at length, abundantly manur'd and plentifully shower'd, she opened her eyes, and

and spoke words, which I took to be crazy, incoherent stuff; but *now* am satisfied were revelations—the very words of truth and soberness. Some part of the audience seemed to envy her condition, and admired her quick progress in goodness, and wish'd, *themselves*, for the happy hour of kicking the pavement.—They told me that she had learn'd (they were certain) all mysteries in this single quarter of an hour. As for my part—I could not tell what to wish, or what to make of the matter;—I perceived that several would gladly have undergone her trial, and, endeavouring to stop their wind, were well nigh choak'd;—but all would not do, till Mr. ——— mounted again, who so dextrously managed his puffs, that no less than half a dozen (four women and two men) came flap upon the pavement together. Instead of a solo

we had then a concerto in six parts—there was shrieking for the first treble—screaming, for the second—squalling, for contra tenor—howling, for tenor—groaning, for violoncello—and grunting, for thorough bass;—kicking of heels, for time-beating—and the uproar of the whole assembly for a chorus. They were (as before) divided in their opinions;—one was possess'd by Mr. ———, another by Old N—k, who was now (as they told me) buffeting his patients most heartily.—They open'd their eyes at last, and every one of them received so much comfort from their ill treatment, and so much light, as to be almost qualified to hold forth immediately. As for my part, I felt a feeling within that pleased me, so that I had no desire to repass the turnpike; but had, *as yet*, no stomach to the trial of making faces, and kicking my heels

heels against the floor. This I communicated to a female bystander, who told me that I was but a sucking fool; that, *e'er long*, (if I had sincerity and secrecy) I should be let into their friendly secrets, *i. e.* as soon as darkness brought the happy opportunity.—Darkness came—and I assure you I was convinced of all; and was so much alter'd thereby, that I long'd for the pavement operation as much as I dreaded it before. The orator now gave us a tickling harangue, *so* appeal'd to our inward parts—threaten'd us *so heartily*, if we did not become--from our hearts--good and true *Eolists*, that two of us *directly* fell down upon our backs.—I know not whether I was possess'd by our holder-forth or Old N—k; for *mine* was but a gentle turn, being told by the bystanders, that I only got two knocks on the head, one upon the nose, three upon

the elbows, and kick'd the floor about a dozen of times with my heels. As for my female companion, it seems she was ill used, being black and blue from head to foot.—I rose quite another man, I had a furtout (call'd the new man) given me to cover my old coat and waistcoat, which now bore the name of the old man. From henceforward I became a great adept in the comfortable twang, the justly-admir'd, daring, vulgar way of speaking, in which Mr. — certainly excells all mankind.—And, what is worth your remarking—whilst I was with the reprobates I had scarce any liberty at all; if I happen'd to look wishfully at any young girl, my conscience gave me a knock for it, and told me that it was forbidden by the will, which call'd it *adultery in the heart*.—Now, this made me very uneasy, for you must know I always had an itch  
that



that way:—But my kind instructor has now put my conscience into his own pocket, and for his own use too, if he likes it. My mouth therefore can water as often as any object presents itself; and I can have my belly-full of staring—by licence from him, who *himself* ogles in such an agreeable manner, as to captivate the hearts of all or most of our females. Whether it is directly or indirectly—he is certainly a great favourite with them.

## C H A P. XXII.

OUR holders-forth are (without all doubt) pointed out to be the poor of this world—for they have no money of their own—they are only stewards for other people.—And also, they are the most remarkable people, for their mortifications,

tions, of any living; they subdue the flesh by living upon custards and jellies, prepared by their female friends against the next visit. They likewise shew their hatred of an easy and luxurious life—by travelling to instruct their followers in chariots and post-chaises, as often as they can come at them, though they preach loudly against them.—They are poor, and yet, you see, they possess all things. They subdue their carnal members by a new—but a true way;—they use them *freely* as long as they will last—and then, properly speaking, they are subdued.—They have no settled dwellings, *i. e.* none in which they abide long—and therefore use the houses of rich and poor to refresh themselves in, without distinction.—From the *former* they take but what they can spare, and they make use of the cruse  
of

of the latter, which, they assure them, will never fail.

The profane (as to this last part of the story) are a little sharp upon us, and say that we rob the poor—and endeavour to make the world believe it, by a foolish story of a gardiner, who would not have patience till he was made perfect, and consequently was likely to be a loser by the visits of our holders-forth.—Come, you shall have the story in their own words:

A gardiner—(whose wife had enjoy'd her belly-full of the orator's wind for a long season, and was become a staunch *Eolist*)—was much importun'd by her to forsake his narrow road, and come and caper with her in the smooth and broad way leading to blifs.—Long time was he

he teas'd, but in vain; at last she prevailed upon him to accompany her to her dear man.

As the orator—(when he chuses)—can and does talk like the *Martinists*—so it happen'd that day, and the gardiner lik'd his discourse wonderfully well.—When he came home, his rib so redoubled her efforts, that, poor man, for a quiet life, he consented to become one of them.—She hies away directly to her orator, and acquaints him with her husband's happy change; who, the next principal holding-forth day, fail'd not to call as he went into the country, and congratulates him upon his wise choice;—and, to shew him that he had his welfare *entirely* at heart, tells him that he would take a sp—l breakfast with him—it being early.—*French* rolls and butter, double-refined sugar,

fugar, and tea, soon made their appearance, and the kettle was quickly a-boil. To it they went.—All being finish'd—thanks were return'd—and the journey pursued.—The orator, from a little conversation at breakfast, entertained an exceeding good opinion of the gardiner, and told him his mind;—and, to let him see that he rather rose than sunk in his esteem, he call'd, as he came back, for a g—ly afternoon drinking. *French* rolls, &c. came again upon the stage, just as they had done in the morning. Abundance of pious exhortations were made use of to confirm the new convert; many puffs flew to fill him properly;—and the magnetic attraction did not fail to work between the speaker and the gardiner's wife;—but day-light (and another reason which I could mention) prevented contact. After the refreshment, leave was  
taken,

taken, with assuring the honest man, that he might expect to see him to breakfast, &c. every time he went into the country.

The poor gardiner *undoubtedly* expected great things from his friendship—either to be employed by him in his trade—or at least to be recommended to his friends; however, he seem'd mightily pleas'd with his discourse.

That day week appear'd the pious man with *two* more friends; and, out of the *biggest* regard for him, stopp'd, to put him now to *three* times the expence. Their conversation was entertaining enough—and the gardiner was again pleased.—They gave him a fine prospect of an easy and speedy passage into the Land of Bliss; and told him that the best way to thrive in the world, was to entertain such godly men



men as they were as often as he possibly could.—That, if money fail'd, a strong belief would bring it to buy provisions; or, if not, they would come of themselves without it. They added, moreover—that arithmetic was proper for the profane; but that no good *Eolift* ever troubled his head how fast his money went, especially upon such pious occasions as these.

As the orator's regard increased, the expence of sp——l and g——ly eating and drinking increased likewise; so that—in spite of all puffs and exhortations)—the gardiner, one *Monday* morning, began his arithmetic.—He proceeded in this manner: I find that my back aches with working hard, and, the older I grow, I shall find that the worse it will ache.—Now then for a little summing, for I have not quite forgot it:—My wages are 20*d.*

*per*

*per* day, and for six days I reckon six shillings, six sixpences, and six twopences, which—in all—make just ten shillings *per* week.—Now, let us see the *per contra* side of my account.

|                               | s.    | d. |
|-------------------------------|-------|----|
| By five <i>French</i> rolls — | 0     | 2½ |
| By ½ pound of sugar —         | 0     | 6  |
| By ¼ ounce of tea —           | 0     | 2¼ |
| By butter —                   | 0     | 2  |
|                               | <hr/> |    |
|                               | I     | 0¾ |
|                               | <hr/> |    |

So—I see that one *sp*—*l* bout comes to one shilling and three farthings; which doubled the same day, amounts to two shillings and three halfpence.—This, with our weekly pay at the tabernacle, and the other refreshments of my wife when I am at work, brings my wages very low at the week's end: And as a hard-working man

man should have something more solid than these sp—I refreshments, to enable him to do his business as he should do, *i.e.* good beef and mutton—I find that I have very little (besides *belief*) to procure them. Good warm cloaths also are necessary for one who is so often in the cold as I am—but I perceive that *French* rolls, &c. will only cloath me with rags. Children are also to be educated, and I don't think that these sp—I gentlemen are disposed to instruct them themselves, they of course then must become vagabonds. As for my wife—she's so full of her *belief*, so pleased with the operation of the magnetic virtue, that she sees none of these dreadful consequences: I find therefore that every pleasure of her's and theirs must be at the expence of my (perhaps ill-cover'd) back. I'll e'en exert myself, and put a stop to this abuse (for so I take it to be)

be) before it is too late.--I can have advice from orators, as good or better than they, who will scorn to take money from such poor people as we are, but will give to us, if in want, out of their own pockets.—Their support is from those people who are able—and therefore they are above eating at a needy man's table—eating, I say, his poor children's victuals.—I'm resolved therefore to call these kind visitants by their proper names the next time I meet them. This resolution the gardiner held to, and rated the orator and his two friends most soundly—call'd them a pack of pretended, sanctified-looking rascals--who were (*every one*) better able to work than *himself*, and deserv'd nothing but the stocks;—and threaten'd them, that, if ever they set foot within his doors again, he would have assistance, and would spoil the feat of their magnetic operations.

operations. Now they feared *this* more than any *other* evil, so retired growling and grumbling, and told him, that they desired not to keep company any longer with such a profane person as himself; and insisted upon his repassing the turnpike-gate, and taking to his old rugged path again, which they assured him would never lead to the Land of Bliss.

They are *now* obliged to content themselves with *piously* exhorting his wife (before she goes to the meeting) to filch from her husband what she can for their use; and they persuade her that this is the only way to make her happy. As for that *rogue* her *husband*, they are sorry to say it, but they assure her he'll certainly be d——d. That he has a very harden'd heart, not to believe that a week's travel,

N

from

from oratory to oratory, is much more for his and his family's advantage than digging in a garden.

This account of the unfortunate man you have from the profane themselves. They tell the story foolishly—yet, notwithstanding—they give you the matter of fact.

And now, my friends, I shall appeal to you for your opinion. Was not this man very much his own enemy? He was once got into a hopeful way, and might have lived easy with very little work; but his want of belief spoiled all, *now* he is exposed continually to his conscience, if he the least neglects his work in the garden; he might have made himself completely happy by the alone entertainment of those pious men; who, when money  
fell



fell short, could have caused *French* rolls, &c. to have walked into his house whenever they came to visit him;—but he hath thrown himself out of many and desirable privileges.

Whilst he was in the turnpike-road he might (with as good a conscience as any man can pretend to) have taken wages for letting his spade stand still, and he was, *notwithstanding*, worthy of his hire, and doubly so—if his time was taken up in preaching to his fellow-labourers; or he might have taken, *as his own*, as many as he liked of the best flowers in the garden, and have sold them, and also—for one nail he used, he might have pocketed two;—but now—that he is returned into the thorny, briary, and miry road, his foolish conscience will tell him to give every one his penny-worth

for his penny; to work hard from six to six; to fulfill all the mind of him who employs him—this, of all others, is certainly a grievance, which no one (who is arrived at perfection) can ever think of submitting to. *Thus* does this stupid gardiner stand in his own light, and makes only a *week* of a piece of work, which (if he had any goodness in him) he might have lengthen'd out into sixteen days at least.—He *now* plagues, teases, and torments himself with endeavours to act according to what he fancies is the sense of the will—and, when he has done his best, is sure to be d—n'd for it.——If he had listen'd to his guides he might have sav'd all that trouble, and have been no less sure of coming at the Land of Bliss.——  
*O foolish Galatian, who hath bewitched thee!*

## C H A P. XXIII.

NOW, let me ask my readers all, whether they don't think that the privileges of our turnpike are very extraordinary, and consequently very desirable? If any one doubts of the truth of what I have affirm'd, let him come to Mr. —, and *he* will furnish him with proof sufficient, from his own dreams, visions, fancies, reveries, and revelations. These are demonstrations good enough for any pious and good man; that is to say, an *Eolist*.

Miracles will never cease, so long as our dear man is among us—for he can work them at his pleasure, and at his leisure.—O ye *Martinist* shepherds, there-

fore, who hum-drum it away in the narrow road of briars, thorns, rocks, and shelves! who drive on literally thro' the will, and bewilder yourselves and those who hear you, leave off your painful walking and thrusting thro' the wicket, and come and take a free gallop thro' the wide portal with the enlighten'd Dr.——.

I'm in great raptures when I think what happy creatures the dear rogue hath made us! How hath he—as it were, turn'd us *inside outwards*! After a proper time of probation, how hath he released us from burdens, which neither we nor our forefathers were able to bear! These things may be paradoxes to the profane, but *they* are as yet void of understanding.

Again:—O how my heart leaps within me, when I reflect that he hath put us  
into

into such starting order, that we are sure of winning in the race which is set before us.

C H A P. XXIV.

**T**HAT the *Martinists'* men are such stupid creatures, I don't much wonder, but that their women should be so, amazes me much; that most of them should take the will in so literal a sense, as not to dare to indulge themselves in a few innocent freedoms with their holders-forth, is most astonishing.

I shall therefore inform my readers what great advantages our females have over those of the profane——and how the fundamental parts of our persuasion are better adapted to promote pleasant

pleasant perceptions than theirs are.—  
All this I shall illustrate by a tale, (being  
now in the story-telling humour) and  
beg leave to begin in the common way.

There was a man.—There was a man,  
a country man, I say, in the county of—  
a one-eyed country man—a *Martinist*—  
whose yoke-mate was of the *Eolean* strain,  
*i. e.* top-full of magnetism—and all piety  
and perfection. Whilst she was a *Mar-*  
*tinist* indeed—her stature herein was very  
small; for she was, at that time, (like  
many of her neighbours) exact in her  
dealings with mankind, and *this very thing*  
made her proud of her own doings. She  
was also very careful and cleanly in her  
dairy—sent full weight of butter to  
the market, and many other things she  
did, which in time rendered her so vain,  
as to imagine that those filthy rags would,  
some



some time or other, contribute to her future bliss; and, alas! she had like to have died in this mistake. I verily believe indeed that she would, if—(luckily for her)—she had not met with a kind and lusty *Eolean* teacher, who undeceived her in a matter of so much consequence: He told her an *Eolean* truth, that her former, or her present, or her future, endeavours to be honest and just with mankind, would be of no kind of use to her; and that—if she entertained any hopes that she should be a single farthing the better for it, she was a lost woman: That there was no occasion for much industry or cleanliness in the way of her business—all she had to do was to attend strictly to his *lectures*, public and private, during which time matters, at home, would manage themselves well enough: He told her likewise—that his great concern  
for

for her would occasion frequent visits—the *oftener*, he was certain, it would be the more pleasing to her: That he would teach her to make butter in *his* way, after he had done haranguing her, which (if she had enough of belief) she would undoubtedly like better than flaving herself in the manner she did.

If, from their united endeavours, the butter should prove less in quantity than it did before; why—then—less must go to market, but that she might still endeavour to sell it for the same price, by making as many rolls of it, tho' they were somewhat less. In short, there were only two things for it;—she must either believe that her butter did weigh as much as her neighbour's, or believe that the officers, in the market, would not weigh it at all.

She

She followed his advice—in all things; and, when market-day came, dispatches *Humphry*, her husband, away with the butter, a man who had not so much faith as a twopenny chicken--N. B. She should have gone herself, you, perhaps, may say—but that could not be. *Humphry's* little faith not being able to make out the weight, alas, alas! the officers tried, and took it all from him. Back he comes with rueful phiz and sorrowful heart, and bounces into the kitchen, at the time that his wife and her instructor were in the dairy—making more butter against the next market-day, and his sudden arrival not a little startled them;—there was no harm in what they were doing: Yet—as her husband—(who was a wrong-headed *Martinist*) knew nothing of the teacher's abilities in the butter way, and, perhaps, might not greatly relish that any one, besides

besides himself, should be concerned in the factory of his wife's dairy;—she (to avoid all appearance of blame) acts with honest *Humphry*, as if she really had been doing amiss. Out of the dairy she therefore comes, and (with a smile upon her countenance) says—“ Well, honey, you have returned very soon, I hope you have disposed of your butter to advantage, and without much difficulty.” “ Yes, replies *Humphry*—my customer was a man of rank, he wore a large wig, and fur gown, and had *something* like a jack-chain about his neck; I assure you he took it all, at the large price of *nothing*, and it was disposed of without much difficulty too, for I had not much occasion to persuade him to take it. The matter stands thus:—You magnetic b—ch,—by your plaguy *Eolean* management, the butter wanted weight, and the magistrate has  
got

got every ounce of it, that's the *English*." Thus did this booby accuse a harmless woman for his own want of belief.

The pious creature answers him——  
 " This comes of sending unbelievers instead of going one's self; for had I been there, every pound and half-pound lump would have been considerably above weight:—It can't be now helped, my dear; however, to prevent these accidents for the future, you must turn, indeed you must turn *Eolean*, and go to market with faith, and then all will be right.

" But, *Humphry*, adds she—I dream'd last night, that thou couldst see with thy blind eye, and I verily believe it. Let's now try if my faith be as bad as thine."

" See—thou fool, answers *Humphry*—  
 thou

thou art always coming off with thy dreams, visions, and other fooleries ; — 'twould be much better, if thou wouldst mind thy house business."——" Marry, come up, quoth she—what an ass was I to tie myself to such a reprobate as thou art: However—give me leave only to try, whether thou canst see;"—which he permitted. She turns his good eye towards the parlour door, and his blind one towards the dairy, then treats *Humphry* as your cockers do their cocks—bringing her hand down with a quick motion. This game held till the holder-forth got out of the house, which done, she gave over the attempt, as fruitless ; her faith had been a little disturbed in the dairy, and was not then in right order. Now this fetch was only made use of, for peace and quietness sake, because *Humphry* was a reprobate, otherwise there would have  
 been



been no occasion for it, because—an *Eolean* husband would have soon concluded, that 'twas *impossible* to do any harm with the godly man; but that she should, on the contrary—answer the purpose of his instructions with all her might.

Thus she made use of the same expedient—(which she must have been obliged to—had she been a *Martinist*) to conceal a thing, that *now* (thank her stars) she had no reason to be ashamed of.

#### C H A P. XXV.

**M**Y hand being in, I must give you another story, to shew the glorious liberty of us *Eolists*; how we are releas'd from a troublesome practice—which the  
repro-

reprobates call good and praise-worthy; but *we*, errant stuff and nonsense. We are released, I say, from the practice of gratitude;—this I shall shew you in the much-approved behaviour of one of our remarkably pious brethren, one who seldom absents himself from the tabernacle, and has attain'd the *steady* front of an *Eolean*. This man (by what our adversaries call a bad life, or bad management—or both) had got into limbo for debt, and was more likely to rot there than any thing else.

A few *Martinists*, who had formerly employed him in his business, had compassion on him, (as they foolishly call it) and released him.—Being ask'd by some of his neighbours, whether he did not intend to return them thanks for what they had done, he answered, (as well indeed

as

as our orator could himself have done)  
 “Return a fiddlestick—there’s none due  
 to them;—they would not have released  
 me, if from above it had not been put  
 into their heads so to do;—’twas their  
*money-indeed*, but they could not help gi-  
 ving it—it would be sin therefore in me  
 to thank them for it.”

A reprobate *Martinist*, now, would  
 foolishly and sinfully have worn out the  
 L—d knows what shoe-leather in going  
 about to have thank’d (what *he* would  
 have call’d) his benefactors—and what  
 better would he have been for it? Why,  
 he would have been d—n’d for thanking  
 the wrong persons.

These instances shew you, my friends,  
 with what little difficulty we pursue the  
 turnpike-road.—Mount every one of

O

you,

you, therefore, 'your sized horses, gallo-  
ways, mules, &c.—or come on foot into  
the plain and easy, the delightful and  
pleasant, tract to blifs.

I have now said a great deal, to what  
purpose I know not.—I have nothing  
more to add—by way of finish—but—  
down with the *Peterists*, *Martinists*, *Jack's*  
*men*, with all the train of other sectaries,  
and *vives les Mr.* ——— and all his dis-  
ciples. Huzza!

F I N I S.



